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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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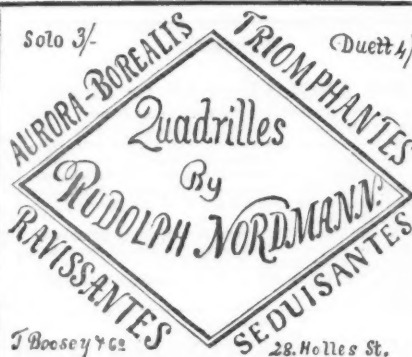
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THE RATIONAL AND THE REASONABLE.

WHATEVER is in harmony with the Universal Reason of mankind is reasonable; the rational is the attempt of the individual understanding to bring all things, even the most mysterious and inexplicable, within the circle of its own limited light. The Great, take what shape or object or field it may, must always be the reasonable, but it may often flagrantly sin against the rational, and seem in the pedantic conceited eye thereof an absurdity, or a crime. The greatest of human manifestations is enthusiasm; the fermentation of the divinity within us bursting into fulminating action. Yet enthusiasm is only Universal Reason warming itself to a white heat, and pouring itself forth into the myriad hearts of earnest believers and valiant doers, while to the rationalist it is eminently the irrational, and, consequently, the ridiculous. Universal Reason is the immortal heritage of humanity; it cannot die out of the human soul any more than it can die out of human traditions; but it ebbs and flows from age to age, and it sometimes recedes so far from living contact with the transient movements around us that, though we hear remote the murmur of its waters, yet we do not see the joyful and abounding onrush of its waves. Alas! it is not near us now; when was it so distant from the affairs of men? And what have we instead? The extremes of credulity and the extremes of rationalism; the excess of a wonder that never doubts, and of a doubt that never wonders;—Mormonism, the fanatical face to face with an Owenism still more fanatical. For we would not flatter our age; its flatterers are its foes. It must first be told how beggarly and base it is in many things before it can grasp once more the weapons, and do the deeds of the truthful and the brave. The voice of the Divine must be mute for it—the radiance of the Beautiful must be hid from it till it throw aside its foul rags, ashamed of its filth, its squalor, and its nakedness. Egypt's priests of old devoted the first part of the night to ablutions; and the second to the observation of the stars; and only by some such purification from its falsehoods and pollutions can an individual—a people—or an age soar to the sublimest verities of God. As respects the present age, the beginning of that purifying process must be in

the age's willing and reverent recognition of a higher, a broader, a deeper truth than the understanding of the individual can either explain or appropriate in its entirety. Hereby, however, is not required the acknowledgment of external infallibilities, theological or other. It is the very acknowledgment of such, the abject slavery thereto, which has led to the discredit of Universal Reason. An external infallibility is always an attempt not merely to arrogate an absolute authority, but to create artificial symbols. It is against the latter, far more than against the former of these endeavours, that the understanding of the individual flames out into fierce revolt. For it is not hard to bow to the mandate of another, but we have nothing but curses for him whom, duping us, we detect. The manufacture of the symbolical, of that which to have significance as symbol, must grow naturally, has ever been the most fatal source of ruin to churches and religions. As there would be no political revolutions if governments were good, so there would be no explosions of scepticism if the religious sentiment were always permitted to form its own symbols. The quarrel of religious innovators is apparently with dogmas, but it is in reality with symbols. It is something distinctly stated as doctrine which they attack, but it is the mysteries standing as the background of those doctrines, and admitting only of symbolical expression, that they strive with might and main to overthrow; and vain would their destructive efforts be otherwise. You can never rouse the world to fight for or against an idea which admits of logical enunciation. But transmute it into a symbol, and millions will become its chivalrous champions, or its fanatical foes. The prevalent faith must therefore in all times be that which can easiest take a symbolical garb. The distinction between the Reasonable and the Rational, consequently, always involves the question as to the value of symbols. Universal Reason does not create symbols—is incapable of creating them—but it softens the transition from symbol to symbol, it preserves the symbolical from being too confused and exaggerated a representation of the Infinite as it is, for instance, in the Indian Mythology, and it gives to the symbol that beautiful proportion, and that adaptation to the various faculties of Man, whereby Religion is transmuted into Poetry without losing anything of its grandeur and dignity as religion. Now it is the characteristic of the Rational as opposed to the Reasonable, not merely to battle with false or artificial symbols, but to dispute the empire of the symbolical altogether. As it conceives that there is nothing which the understanding of the Individual cannot embrace; it is unwilling to admit anything which the lips of the Individual are not competent to propound and to paint. Herein it is at war with the earliest wisdom of mankind, which by a divine instinct seized on the symbolical as the most adequate indication of that awful and sacred point where the Infinite and the Finite commingle. If Man had no feeling of the Infinite he would be alike unable to see the need of, and to employ, symbolical language. The earliest dawn of the Infinite on the human heart, was the birth of the symbolical in speech, or in something formed by the rude but reverent hand, from its very rudeness more eloquent than speech. The rejection of the symbolical must, therefore, in every age be the denial of the Infinite; and the denial of the Infinite is equivalent to Atheism; for he who can discern no other or higher world than the world of the Finite, will inevitably view himself as the chief fact in that world, the only God worthy to be honoured and worshipped there. Hence the enormous vanity and presumption of the Rationalist should not at all astonish us. Whoever compares himself with another man will not fail to consider himself the superior, if he confine his view to the circle of being in which they both habitually move. As the Heroic grows out of the Divine, as the Heroic cannot be where the Divine is not, so where the Divine has not adorns the Heroic cannot be adored. Of old the gratitude and admiration of men raised the Hero to heaven and placed him among the stars; it is from the stars that we must bring him back again if we are to be gladdened once more by the glory of his presence. We are not of those, then, who would conquer or cure the unreason of Reason through arguments of reason. In a mere debate your skilful and sophistical rationalist would probably have the best of it; and what cannot be debated he of course casts aside with contempt; to him there is no universe but a vast

debatable land of which he is the king. If it be true, as a famous medical system asserts, that like is the best remedy for like, yet the very opposite is the case when not the body but the soul is concerned. There the things the remotest from each other must be the physicians of each other. Thus when the rational tries to put itself in the place of the reasonable, when the understanding of the Individual sets at naught the Universal Reason of Humanity, it would be fruitless to set the nobility of Reason to vanquish Reason's degeneracy. The work must be done by a faculty as potent but far different—The Imagination. It is said that there are certain glass vessels which cannot be broken by the stroke of a hammer, but which a single grain of sand will shiver into pieces. And thus the gentlest wave, the softest touch of phantasy's wings is often sufficient to stir into fecund life those energies in the human soul which the thunder of incessant blows had failed to rouse from their apathy. Man's best teachers are his religious emotions; next to these his moral convictions; next to these the rainbow'd dream-land of Poetry; next to that his philosophical insight; and then, but not before, has logic a right to assert its claims. When Logic rises from this lowest sphere which is its appointed home and workshop, to assume the supreme guidance of human thoughts and affairs, when it represents correct thinking, not organic existence, as the primordial want of the world, we should but flatter its egregious self-importance by descending to that clear but chilling region which it lawfully rules, and having dragged it back to its throne, trying to fix it to its angular palace. We must rather show how far it is below other social and intellectual agencies by summoning religion, morality, poetry, philosophy to their posts in the eternal conflict with evil. Yet their active operation will be of little use unless it lead to their co-operation. The divorce of religion, morality, poetry, philosophy, from each other must be the unreasonable, to which the mere Rational however must be preferred. We gain little then by saying that Phantasy must antagonize Logic in order that the Reasonable may ascend to its true empire among men, unless Phantasy ally itself with morality, philosophy, and religion. That it may do so Poetry must assume much more of lyrical inspiration than it has recently done. Then alone can it be the connecting link of the moral, the religious, the philosophic, when it alike utters the fiercest passions and speaks to the tenderest emotions of the people's heart. In poetry we do not want a second morality, a second religion, a second philosophy; we want poetry. But that cannot be poetry which has a sense for none but the initiated and the studious. The admirers of WORDSWORTH and TENNYSON will not allow us to have any poetical feeling, unless we see in every poem a parable, and in every verse an enigma. The poet whose genius seems most adapted by lyrical force and popular directness to furnish the connecting link between morality, religion, and philosophy, is BURINGTON. Whenever he outgrows the influence of certain brilliant contemplativists, such as SHELLEY, whenever he learns to trust to nothing but the spontaneous individuality of his own soul, he will no doubt victoriously manifest that poetry is not a drowsy thing to be babbled by brooks, but a flame that runs from lip to lip and from breast to breast like a prophet's words of old. Poetry is the spark struck by the rapid wheel of action, not the meteor that flits on the stagnant marsh of indolent reflection. Contemplative poetry, if we could regard it as anything but a passive caprice, we should be compelled to view as a proof of a nation's decay. To those who would despair of France at present we would point to the fact that the chief part of its poetry for more than thirty years has been lyrical. As long as a nation is capable of pouring forth the noblest portion of its nature with lyrical passionateness, there is great hope of that nation. We must once for all, then, cast to the moles and to the bats all this tedious preaching about the beauty of passiveness with which, England has been pestered and poisoned since BYRON died. We must rid ourselves of it not merely because it misleads us as to the true aim and intention of Poetry, but because it prevents the highest and holiest of civilizing agencies from harmonizing. Philosophy is forced in a certain measure to be the ally of rationalism as long as Poetry is the ally of Mysticism; the consequence of rationalism in philosophy is pseudo-mysticism in religion; and where pseudo-mysticism in religion is prevalent, morality ceases to be a potency, a teacher, a

saviour among men. 'Would we change all this,' would we make our philosophy profound, our religion sublimely veiled, but not courting gloomy shadows or spectral shapes, our morality an energetic fact, coming home with the power of a thunderbolt to the conscience, we must tell the Poet that he is faithless to his mission whenever he is not the Prophet too. In the old Egyptian language the same word signified "bread" and "wisdom," and let the Poet be persuaded that unless his song be bread to the people's heart it cannot be wisdom to their mind. Poet, arise, thou predestined, and it will no longer be needful for us to rebuke the rational, to celebrate the reasonable, to thrust aside the understanding of the Individual, when doing homage to the Eternal Reason of Humanity.

HISTORY.

The History of the French Revolution of 1848.
By A. LAMARTINE. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN has added to his *Standard Library* an excellent translation of LAMARTINE's famous and interesting pleading in self-vindication, which he has given to the world under the form of a history of the revolution in which he bore so prominent a part. It is a curious exposure of the secret doings of those memorable days, and vividly pictures the terrible force of that necessity which compelled even his honesty and genius to bow before the might of men vastly his inferior in both. It explains much that was seemingly contradictory in his conduct, and rationally accounts for the results we have witnessed. Like all the productions of LAMARTINE, it is dreamy and unpractical, but eloquent, and will be read with pleasure even by those who cannot sympathize with his raptures or aspirations. It is a most acceptable addition to the valuable series of which it forms a part.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOURTH NOTICE.

Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography. By WASHINGTON IRVING. London: Murray. 1849.

GOLDSMITH had recently become acquainted with a widow lady and her family, consisting of one son and two daughters, of the name of HORNULUS, all persons of agreeable manners and intellectual tastes. He had met them at the house of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Miss Reynolds, as we have shown, ever since she had heard his poem of *The Traveller*, read aloud, had ceased to consider him ugly. The Hornulus' were equally capable of forgetting his person in admiring his works. On becoming acquainted with him too, they were delighted with his guileless simplicity, his buoyant good-nature, and his innate benevolence, and an enduring intimacy soon sprang up between them. For once poor Goldsmith had met with polite society, with which he was perfectly at home, and by which he was fully appreciated; for once he had met with lovely women, to whom his ugly features were not repulsive.

The two young ladies were endowed with great personal beauty. The elder was engaged to be married, but the heart and hand of the younger were yet free. This young lady was sportively called by her friends, the *Jessamy Bride*.

It has been intimated that the intimacy of poor Goldsmith with the Misses Hornulus, which began in so sprightly a vein, gradually assumed something of a more tender nature, and that he was not insensible to the fascinations of the younger sister. This may account for some of the phenomena which about this time appeared in his wardrobe and toilet. During the first year of his acquaintance with these lovely girls, the tell-tale book of his tailor Mr. William Filby, displays entries of four or five full suits, besides separate articles of dress. Amongst the items we find, a green half-trimmed frock and breeches, and another pair of a bloom colour. Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this silken finery was dictated, not by vanity, but humble consciousness of thy defects: how much of it was to atone for the uncouthness of thy person, and to win favour in the eyes of the *Jessamy Bride*?

The *History of Rome* was published in May, 1769. He now occupied himself with the composition of his *History of Animated Nature*. It was shortly before this time that he had been appointed Professor of History in the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, this institution having been founded in the latter part of the year 1768, principally through the instrumentality of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

On the 26th of May, 1770, GOLDSMITH published his *Deserted Village*. The sale of this poem was "instantaneous and immense." "The first edition was immediately exhausted: in a few days a second was issued: in a few days more a third, and by the 16th of August the fifth edition was hurried through the press." We must not omit the following anecdote in referring to the appearance of the *Deserted Village*:

Previous to its publication the bookseller gave him in advance, a note for the price agreed upon, one hundred guineas. As the latter was returning home, he met a friend to whom he mentioned the circumstance, and who, apparently judging of poetry by quantity rather than by quality, observed that it was a great sum for so small a poem. "In truth," said Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is much more than the man can afford, or the piece is worth. I have not been easy since I received it." In fact, he actually returned the note to the bookseller, and left it to him to graduate the payment according to the success of the work. The bookseller, as may well be supposed, soon repaid him in full, with many acknowledgments of his disinterestedness.

GOLDSMITH's elder brother, the Rev. HENRY GOLDSMITH, had died some time previous to the publication of the *Deserted Village*: while the remaining members of the poet's family were scattered hither and thither. Mr. IRVING says:

It seems to us as if the very last accounts received from home, of his "shattered family," and the desolation that seemed to have settled upon the haunts of his childhood, had cut to the roots one feebly cherished hope, and produced the following exquisitely tender and mournful lines:

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
And the swains, to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew:
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

The publication of this new poem "shed" says Mr. IRVING, "an additional poetic grace round the homely person of the author; he was becoming more and more acceptable in ladies' eyes, and finding himself more and more at ease in their society, at least in the society of those whom he met in the REYNOLDS' circle, among whom he particularly affected the beautiful family of the HORNULUS." Such is the description given of his personal appearance at this period, by the beautiful MARY HORNULUS, the *Jessamy Bride* herself:

After admitting, apparently with some reluctance, that "he was a very plain man," she goes on to say, "but had been much more so, it was impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart, which broke out on every occasion. His benevolence was unquestionable, and his countenance bore every trace of it: no one that knew him intimately could avoid admiring and loving his good qualities."

Six weeks after the publication of the *Deserted Village*, GOLDSMITH accompanied Mrs. HORNULUS and her two daughters on a six weeks' excursion to Paris. We transcribe the

following anecdote for the sake of the remarks which accompany it :—

An incident which occurred in the course of this tour has been tortured by the literary magpie, Boswell, into a proof of Goldsmith's absurd jealousy of any admiration shown to others in his presence. While stopping at an hotel in Lisle, they were drawn to the windows by a military parade in front. The extreme beauty of the Misses Hornulus, immediately attracted the attention of the officers, who broke forth with enthusiastic speeches and compliments intended for their ears. Goldsmith was amused for a while, but at length affected impatience at this exclusive admiration of his beautiful companions, and exclaimed, with mock severity of aspect, "Elsewhere, I also would have admirers." It is difficult to conceive the obtuseness of intellect necessary to misconstrue so obvious a piece of mock petulance and dry humour, into an instance of mortified vanity, and jealous self-conceit.

Goldsmith, jealous of the admiration of a group of gay officers for the charms of two beautiful young women! This even out-Boswell's Boswell; yet this is but one of similar absurdities, evidently misconceptions of Goldsmith's peculiar vein of humour, by which the charge of envious jealousy has been attempted to be fixed upon him. In the present instance, it was contradicted by one of the ladies herself, who was annoyed that it had been advanced against him. "I am sure," said she, "from the peculiar manner of his humour, and assumed frown of countenance, what was often uttered in jest, was mistaken, by those who did not know him, for earnest."

No one was more prone to err on this point than Boswell. He had a tolerable perception of wit, but none of humour.

On his return to England, GOLDSMITH received the melancholy intelligence of his mother's death. It seems that, notwithstanding the fame to which he had attained, the good lady had been disappointed in the expectations she had formed of him, and annoyed that he did not succeed better in pushing his fortune. He had, however, always been an affectionate son, and contributed towards her maintenance from his precarious resources. Here is an amusing account of one of GOLDSMITH's many blunders. We must first premise that Lord CLARE was a friend of GOLDSMITH :—

Lord Clare and the Duke of Northumberland had houses next to each other (in Bath), of similar architecture. Returning home one morning from an early walk, Goldsmith, in one of his frequent fits of absence, mistook the house, and walked up into the Duke's dining-room, where he and the Duchess were about to sit down to breakfast. Goldsmith, still supposing himself in the house of Lord Clare, and that they were visitors, made them an easy salutation, being acquainted with them, and threw himself on the sofa, in the lounging manner of a man perfectly at home. The Duke and Duchess soon perceived his mistake, and, while they smiled internally, endeavoured, with the consideration of well-bred people, to prevent any awkward embarrassment. They accordingly chatted sociably with him about matters in Bath, until breakfast being served, they invited him to partake. The truth at once flashed upon poor heedless Goldsmith; he started up from his free-and-easy position, made a confused apology for his blunder, and would have retired perfectly disconcerted, had not the Duke and Duchess treated the whole as a lucky occurrence to throw him in their way, and exacted a promise from him to dine with them.

In August, 1771, he published his *History of England*, and, the succeeding Christmas, went to Barton, in Suffolk, to pay a visit to the elder Miss HORNULUS, now Mrs. BUNBURY. The Jessamy Bride was, of course, to be among the guests.

It is true, he was hampered with work; he was still more hampered with debt; his accounts with Newbery were perplexed, but all must give way. New advances are procured from Newbery, on the promise of a new tale, in the style of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, of which he showed him a few roughly-sketched chapters: so, his

purse replenished in the old way, "by hook or by crook," he posted off to visit the bride at Barton.

A very merry Christmas they had. GOLDSMITH contributing to the mirth of the party, not only by being the leader in every scheme of innocent amusement, but by being made the object of tricks and of practical jokes of every description, most of them being aimed at the disfiguration of his toilet, which, it seems, was as unpleasant as usual, when it was intended to meet the eye of Miss MARY HORNULUS. It is to the pen of this lady herself, that we owe the account of this Christmas visit, a few particulars of which, we transfer to our columns :—

While at Barton, she says, his manners were always playful and amusing, taking the lead in promoting any scheme of innocent mirth, and usually prefacing the invitation with "Come, now, let us play the fool a little." At cards, which was commonly a round game, and the table small, he was always the most noisy, affected great eagerness to win, and teased his opponents of the gentle sex with continual banter on their want of spirit in not risking the hazards of the game. But one of his most favourite amusements was to romp with the children, when he threw of all reserve, and seemed one of the most joyous of the group. . . . He always wore a wig, a peculiarity which those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head of Reynolds, would not suspect; and on one occasion some person contrived seriously to injure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the country, and the misfortune seemed irreparable until the services of Mr. Bunbury's valet were called in, who, however, performed his functions so indifferently, that poor Goldsmith's appearance became the signal for a general smile. . . . Some difference of opinion, says the fair narrator, having arisen with Lord Harrington respecting the depth of a pond, the poet remarked, that it was not so deep but that, if anything valuable was to be found at the bottom he would not hesitate to pick it up. His lordship, after some banter, threw in a guinea; Goldsmith, not to be outdone in this kind of bravado, in attempting to fulfil his promise without getting wet, accidentally fell in, to the amusement of all present, but persevered, got out the money, and kept it, remarking that he had abundant objects on whom to bestow any further proof of his lordship's whim or bounty.

"GOLDSMITH's literary tastes," says Mr. IRVING, "were fast getting a-head of him, and he began now to look after them in vain." He therefore took lodgings for the summer in a farmhouse at Edgeware that he might have the more leisure to pursue his labours uninterrupted. The house where he lodged is still in existence, and the apartment where he wrote *She Stoops to Conquer*, is yet pointed out to the curious. But the health of the overtasked author now began to fail. He had had a severe illness during the summer, caused by too close application and harassment of spirits, and in the autumn returned to town with the seeds of disease sown in his system, which the winter dissipation tended not a little to develop.

In this way Goldsmith went on "overrunning the constable," as he termed it; spending everything in advance; working with an overtasked head and weary heart to pay for past pleasures and past extravagance, and at the same time incurring new debts, to perpetuate his struggles and darken his future prospects. While the excitement of society and the excitement of composition conspire to keep up a feverishness of the system, he has incurred an unfortunate habit of quacking himself with James's powders, a fashionable panacea of the day.

The bright spot in this gloomy winter (1772) to the poor poet was the Christmas holidays, which were again spent at Barton in the genial society of Mrs. BUNBURY and her sister, the Jessamy Bride. We regret that our limits

forbid us to insert GOLDSMITH's humorous letter in reply to the invitation sent him upon this occasion. To quote it entire would occupy more space than we can spare, and to curtail it would be to do it injustice.

In addition to the many causes of embarrassment and annoyance by which he was beset, the theatrical delays attending the production to the public of *She Stoops to Conquer*, were of the most harassing nature. A protracted, worrying negotiation was carried on between the author and COLMAN, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. It was terminated, however, at last, by the interference of JOHNSON. But COLMAN continued to grumble about it to the last, finding every sort of fault with it, and ungenerously making public his evil foreboding concerning it. We transcribe the account of its performance, and the effect upon the public, as it is here given :

Goldsmith, in the present instance, had not dared, as on a former occasion, to be present at the first performance. He had been so overcome by his apprehensions, that, at the preparatory dinner, he could hardly utter a word, and was so choked that he could not swallow a mouthful. When his friends trooped to the theatre, he stole away to St. James's Park; there he was found by a friend, between seven and eight o'clock, wandering up and down the Mall like a troubled spirit. With difficulty he was persuaded to go to the theatre, where his presence might be important should any alteration be necessary. He arrived at the opening of the fifth act, and made his way behind the scenes. Just as he entered there was a slight hiss at the improbability of Tony Lumpkin's trick on his mother, in persuading her that she was forty miles off on Crackscull Common, though she had been trundled about on her own grounds. "What's that? what's that?" cried Goldsmith to the manager, in great agitation. "Pshaw! Doctor," replied Colman, sarcastically, "don't be frightened at a squib, when we've been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder!" Though of a most forgiving nature, Goldsmith did not easily forget this ungracious and ill-timed sally. If Colman was indeed actuated by the paltry motives ascribed to him in the treatment of this play, he was most amply punished by its success, and by the taunts, epigrams, and censures levelled at him through the press, in which his false prophecies were jeered at; his critical judgment called in question; and he was openly taxed with literary jealousy: so galling and unremitting was the fire, that he at length wrote to Goldsmith, entreating him "to take him off the rack of the newspapers;" in the meantime, to escape the laughs that were raised about him in the theatrical world of London, he took refuge in Bath during the triumphant career of the comedy.

"The triumphant success of *She Stoops to Conquer*," says Mr. IRVING, "brought forth, of course, the carplings and cavillings of underling scribblers, which are the thorns and briars in the path of successful authors." On the present occasion, an anonymous letter, which appeared in a public paper, particularly roused GOLDSMITH's indignation. It was supposed to be from the pen of a person of the name of KENRICK—a wretch who had hitherto omitted no opportunity of attacking and slandering him, and whose malice pursued him even to the grave. Not only did the letter in question detract from his literary merit in the most unqualified terms, and contain the grossest personal abuse, but in connection with his alleged vanity, it dragged before the public the name of Miss HORNULUS, and the poet's supposed unsuccessful admiration of her. The paragraph was pointed out to GOLDSMITH by an officious friend. We transcribe Mr. IRVING's account of the sequel of the affair :

He was in a high state of excitement and indignation, and, accompanied by his friend, who is said to have been a Captain Higgins, of the Marines, he repaired to Paternoster Row, to the shop of Evans, the publisher, whom

he supposed to be the editor of the paper. Evans was summoned by the shopman from an adjoining room. Goldsmith announced his name. "I have called," added he, "in consequence of a scurrilous attack made upon me, and an unwarrantable liberty taken with the name of a young lady. As for myself, I care little; but her name must not be sported with." Evans professed utter ignorance of the matter, and said he would speak to the editor. He stooped to examine a file of the paper, in search of the offensive article; whereupon Goldsmith's friend gave him a signal, that now was a favourable moment for the exercise of his cane. The hint was taken as quick as given, and the cane was vigorously applied to the back of the stooping publisher. The latter rallied in an instant, and, being a stout, high-blooded Welchman, returned the blows with interest. A lamp hanging overhead was broken, and sent down a shower of oil upon the combatants; but the battle raged with unceasing fury. The shopman ran off for a constable; but Dr. Kenrick, who happened to be in the adjacent room, sallied forth, interfered between the combatants, and put an end to the affray. He conducted Goldsmith to a coach, in exceedingly battered and tattered plight, and accompanied him home, soothing him with much mock commiseration, though he was generally suspected on good grounds of being the author of the libel. Evans immediately instituted a suit against Goldsmith for an assault, but was ultimately prevailed upon to compromise the matter, the poet contributing fifty pounds to the Welch charity.

We are now approaching the closing scene. The summer of 1773 was a harassing one to poor Goldsmith. He was grievously disappointed by the failure of a project for a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the articles on the various subjects to be written by the principal men of the day, and the whole to be edited by himself. An additional disappointment was the failure of an effort made by some of his friends to obtain for him a pension from Government.

Thwarted in the plans, and disappointed in the hopes which had recently cheered and animated him, Goldsmith found the labour of his half-finished tasks doubly irksome, from the consciousness that the completion of them could not relieve him from his pecuniary embarrassments. His impaired health, also, rendered him less capable than formerly of sedentary application, and continual perplexities disturbed the flow of thought necessary for original composition. He lost his usual gaiety and good humour, and became, at times, peevish and irritable. Too proud of spirit to seek sympathy or relief from his friends, for the pecuniary difficulties he had brought upon himself by his errors and extravagance, and unwilling, perhaps, to make known their amount, he buried his cares and anxieties in his own bosom, and endeavoured in company to keep up his usual air of gaiety and unconcern. This gave his conduct an air of fitfulness and caprice, varying suddenly from moodiness to mirth, and from silent gravity to shallow laughter; causing surprise and ridicule in those who were not aware of the sickness of heart which lay beneath.

But one parting gleam of sunshine breaks through the heavy clouds which overshadow these last days: the poor, sick, weary, careworn Goldsmith goes once more to spend the Christmas at Barton—his last Christmas! But to enable him to make even this visit, he is obliged to borrow money. The Christmas festivities over, he returns once more to his hopeless, drudging toils, and his desolate abode.

In order to afford a relief from the harassment of mind and depression of spirits from which he suffered, he entered anew into gay society. Weary at last, however, of the dissipation of a town life, and of the ever-increasing burden which its expenses entailed upon him, he withdrew in March to country quarters at Hyde, resolving to spend henceforth only two months of the year in London. He was almost immediately, however, compelled to return to town by an access of a local complaint, added

to a general prostration of health. The former subsided, but was succeeded by a low nervous fever. We subjoin Mr. IRVING's account of his death, and of the manner in which it affected his literary intimates, and his friends of every degree:

Anxieties and disappointments which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint, and rendered him sleepless. In reply to an inquiry of his physician, he acknowledged that his mind was ill at ease. This was his last reply; he was too weak to talk, and in general took no notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep, and it was hoped a favourable crisis had arrived. He awoke, however, in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired, on the 4th of April, at five o'clock in the morning, being in the forty-sixth year of his age. His death was a shock to the literary world, and a deep affliction to a wide circle of intimates and friends; for with all his follies and peculiarities, he was fully as much beloved as admired. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress. "I was abroad at the time of his death," writes Dr. McDonnell, the youth whom, when in distress, he had employed as his amanuensis, "and I wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart as if I had lost one of my nearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency." Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily. . . . Among his debts were seventy-nine pounds due to his tailor, Mr. William Filby, from whom he had received a new suit but a few days before his death. "My father," said the younger Filby, "though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to Goldsmith; he had been a good customer, and had he lived would have paid every farthing." Others of his tradespeople evinced the same confidence in his integrity, notwithstanding his heedlessness. Two sister milliners in Temple Lane, who had been accustomed to deal with him, were concerned when told some time before his death of his pecuniary embarrassments. "Oh, sir," said they to Mr. Cradock, "sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than apply to any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can." On the stairs of his apartment there was the lamentation of the old and the infirm, and the sobbing of women; poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty.

But there was one mourner, whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair had been requested for a lady, a particular friend, who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Hornulus—the Jessamy Bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off; which she treasured to her dying day. Poor Goldsmith! could he have foreseen that a memorial of him was to be thus cherished!

Mr. IRVING concludes his charming biography with a sort of *resumé* of Goldsmith's history and character. We shall terminate our long notice by transcribing the closing sentences of the work:

The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of "Poor Goldsmith," speaks volumes. Few who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson, "he was a very great man." But for our part we say, "Let them be remembered," since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of "POOR Goldsmith."

We subjoin a passage which has an interest of its own, and which will appropriately follow the biography above concluded.

DICTIONARY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The works which Goldsmith had still in hand being already paid for, and the money gone, some new scheme must be devised to provide for the past and the future—for impending debts which threatened to crush him, and expenses which were continually increasing. He now projected a work of greater compass than any he had yet undertaken; a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences on a comprehensive scale, which was to occupy a number of volumes. For this he received promises of assistance from several powerful hands. Johnson was to contribute an article on ethics; Burke, an abstract of his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, an essay on the Berkleyan system of philosophy, and others on political sciences; Sir Joshua Reynolds, an essay on painting; and Garrick, while he undertook on his own part to furnish an essay on acting, engaged Dr. Burney to contribute an article on music. Here was a great array of talent positively engaged, while other writers of eminence were to be sought for the various departments of science. Goldsmith was to edit the whole. An undertaking of this kind, while it did not incessantly task and exhaust his inventive powers by original composition, would give agreeable and profitable exercise to his taste and judgment in selecting, compiling, and arranging, and he calculated to diffuse over the whole the acknowledged graces of his style.

He drew up a prospectus of the plan, which is said by Bishop Percy, who saw it, to have been written with uncommon ability, and to have had that perspicuity and elegance for which his writings are remarkable. This paper, unfortunately, is no longer in existence.

Goldsmith's expectations, always sanguine respecting any new plan, were raised to an extraordinary height by the present object; and well they might be, when we consider the powerful coadjutors already pledged. They were doomed, however, to complete disappointment. Davies, the bibliophile of Russell-street, lets us into the secret of this failure. "The booksellers," said he, "notwithstanding they had a very good opinion of his abilities, yet were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted."

Goldsmith certainly gave reason for some such distrust by the heedlessness with which he conducted his literary undertakings. Those unfinished, but paid for, would be suspended to make way for some job that was to provide for present necessities. Those thus hastily taken up would be as hastily executed, and the whole, however pressing, would be shoved aside and left "at loose ends," on some sudden call to social enjoyment or recreation.

Cradock tells us that on one occasion, when Goldsmith was hard at work on his Natural History, he sent to Dr. Percy and himself, entreating them to finish some pages of his work which lay upon his table, for which the press was urgent, he being detained by other engagements at Windsor. They met by appointment at his chambers in the Temple, where they found everything in disorder, and costly books lying scattered about on the tables and on the floor; many of the books on natural history which he had recently consulted lay open among uncorrected proof-sheets. The subject in hand, and from which he had suddenly broken off, related to birds. "Do you know anything about birds?" asked Dr. Percy smiling. "Not an atom," replied Cradock; "do you?" "Not I! I scarcely know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do." They set to work and completed their friendly task. Goldsmith, however, when he came to revise it, made such alterations that they could neither of them recognise their own share. The engagement at Windsor, which had thus caused Goldsmith to break off suddenly from his multifarious engagements, was a party of pleasure with some literary ladies. Another anecdote was current, illustrative of the carelessness with which he executed works requiring accuracy and research. On the 22nd June he had received payment in advance for a Grecian History in two volumes, though only one was finished. As he was pushing on doggedly at the second volume, Gibbon, the historian, called in. "You are the man of all others I wish to see," cried the poet, glad to be saved the trouble of reference to his books. What was the name of that Indian king who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?" "Montezuma," replied Gibbon, spor-

tively. The heedless author was about committing the name to paper without reflection, when Gibbon pretended to recollect himself, and gave the true name, Porus.

This story, very probably, was a sportive exaggeration; but it was a multiplicity of anecdotes like this and the preceding one, some true and some false, which had impaired the confidence of booksellers in Goldsmith, as a man to be relied on for a task requiring wide and accurate research, and close and long continued application. The project of the Universal Dictionary, therefore, met with no encouragement, and fell through.

Letters and Memoir of the late Walter Augustus Shirley, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. Edited by THOMAS HILL, B.D., Archdeacon of Derby. London: Hatchards.

DR. SHIRLEY was a descendant of the family who held the Earldom of Ferrers, so nearly, indeed, that he was on the point of inheriting the title through a failure of heirs, afterwards unexpectedly supplied. His grandfather and father were clergymen, and he was himself destined from early childhood to the same profession. There were valuable livings in the family.

WALTER AUGUSTUS SHIRLEY, the subject of this slight memoir, was born in 1797; he was educated at Winchester, and in due time transferred to New College, Oxford. He took holy orders in 1820. For six years he was in various curacies. He then went to Italy and distinguished himself by the plain speaking-sermons he addressed to his countrymen abroad, whom he rebuked for forgetting the strictness of religious observance and moral rule which they recognized at home. During his residence there Lord FERRERS died, leaving him the next presentation to a good living. In 1827 he returned to England; soon afterwards he married, and the vicarage of Shirley was then resigned to him by his father.

He entered with great zeal upon his pastoral duties. His parishioners had been neglected as well as the church. He sought to restore both, and with such success that in a short time both presented quite a different aspect. The lumbering old galleries that darkened the edifice and impeded sound were removed, and paint and whitewash gave an air of comfort to the church. He made himself personally acquainted with his parishioners of all classes, and stimulated them to exertion; he circulated bibles and tracts and instructive books; tempted them to a regular attendance at public worship, and by his earnest exhortations repressed many of the vices which had grown up rankly among the rural population. For nine years he continued these benevolent labours, cordially assisted by his wife, and the result was all that his most sanguine hopes could have anticipated. An entire change was wrought in the place.

In 1836 he took the living of Whiston *ad interim*, until the person for whom it was held was of age. Here he undertook the same work of reform as at Shirley, with equal zeal and industry, and with equal success. In 1838 his own living of Brailsford fell into his hands and he removed thither, followed by the regrets and respect of all the people of Whiston, of all sects and parties. He now appeared formally before the world as the strenuous supporter of the religious societies, especially of those which supported the evangelical doctrines. He was an earnest friend of education, advocating it with his tongue and his pen, and setting the example of active personal promotion of schools within the circle of his influence. He was promoted to be Archdeacon of Derby

in 1840, and then he was placed in the commission to act for Bishop BOWSTEAD. In 1847 he held the Bampton Lectureship, and in the same year he was appointed to the see of Sodor and Man. He did not long enjoy his new dignity. He had been ailing for some years. At the time of his nomination fears were felt for him, and his consecration was delayed on account of the ill state of his health. In March he visited the Isle of Man, and exposed himself to the cold winds of the season. He was taken ill, but thought nothing of it, until his family insisting that he should have advice, Dr. YOUNG was called in. The physician instantly discovered the dangerous nature of the disease. He was labouring under inflammation of the lungs. At this time the Bampton Lectures were in course of delivery, and Dr. YOUNG positively forbade any thought of continuing them. The anticipation of this task appears to have been a source of considerable uneasiness to the Bishop, and he felt the prohibition of it as a relief. We give the very interesting narrative of

BISHOP SHIRLEY'S LAST MOMENTS.

On the 13th, another physician, Dr. Kemp, was called in, and entirely confirmed Dr. Young's view of the case. From this time Dr. Young took up his abode in the house, and continued to render every service to his patient which unwearied attention, medical skill, and Christian sympathy could devise. Dr. K.'s opinion was so unfavourable, that, after a long consultation together, the medical men thought it right to inform Mr. W. Shirley of the state of the case; requesting him to break to his mother the cruel truth, that possibly his father had not many hours to live. Inflammation on the lungs had already taken place. The expectation was now strongly tinged with blood; and it was apprehended that in coughing he might rupture a blood-vessel, which would put an immediate end to his existence. Meanwhile, the Bishop had earnestly requested his wife not to conceal the result of the consultation; adding, "I should wish to know it, whatever it may be." Accordingly, when sufficiently recovered from the dreadful shock to be able to speak, Mrs. Shirley, accompanied by her son, went into the room, and asked if she should read to him a chapter from the Bible. John xiv. was proposed; when he immediately said, "Why do you choose that chapter? Walter read it to me yesterday." It was then changed to 2 Cor. v. He listened with great attention, repeating after his wife parts that particularly struck him, especially the fourteenth verse, "For the love of Christ constraineth us," which he dwelt on with great emphasis; making, however, no remarks, excepting on the vividness and earnestness of feeling displayed by the apostle in that chapter, so different from our own lukewarmness. Prayer was then offered up, his wife and son both kneeling by his bedside; after which, he was told that the chapter and prayer had his case in view, and that the fatal termination of his illness was but too probable. The look of earnestness which he turned on his wife and son can never be forgotten by them; but he said nothing, and showed no signs whatever of emotion, excepting that a slight perspiration appeared on his forehead. In about a minute after he said, "What a very happy and blessed life I have had!" After this, some necessary allusions were made to his worldly affairs, and he became too much exhausted to converse. His daughter, it was settled, should be sent for by the first packet, and his parents and friends informed of his state of danger. In the evening, the same members of his family being present, he was asked whether he felt happy? "Perfectly," was his reply; "perfectly happy."

But his sufferings were not to terminate so soon. Life had a long conflict with death before she surrendered.

He afterwards saw his old servants and thanked them for their affectionate services, especially during his preceding illness; adding, "I can never forget your kindness, and desire to thank you for it from my heart. I hope you will lead Christian lives and then you will not be afraid to die." To the servant who was going

next day for his daughter, he said, "Tell her, with my most tender love and blessing, that I could have wished to have seen her before my death; but I fear I shall not. But Jesus says we must bear the cross; and Jesus is saying to me, 'Can you bear this cross, to die without seeing your child?' and I say, 'Yes, Lord.' Tell her how her father dies, will you? Promise me you will. Tell her I submit cheerfully to God's will, because I know His will to be the best." To the butler he said, "You and I did not expect to part so soon when I lately engaged you, neither did I expect to come here only to die. It is a lesson to us all, and I hope you will learn to be a Christian man." To the coachman he spoke on the importance of maintaining a holy and consistent profession; and to a lad who had been at school at Shirley, he said, "Be a good lad, my boy, and pray to God to impress upon your mind the lessons you have been taught at the Sunday school."

Dr. Young, who was present at this scene, said afterwards more than once, "The calmest man there! I could not have conceived it. I have been by hundreds of deathbeds, and never saw anything like it. Not a look—not a tone! and they seem to have loved him so!" In the evening, preparation was made for administering the sacrament to him, which he had told the doctor he should gladly receive. As it was thought he might not outlive the night, he was asked whether he had any messages to send to his parents or friends? To the former he sent his tender love, desiring they might be thanked for their love to him. One friend, Mr. Cheney, to whom many of the letters in the preceding correspondence are addressed, he mentioned no less than three times, expressing an anxious desire that he should be informed of his state, and asking if he had been written to. Of his daughter, too, he spoke very often, sending her his love and blessing. Mr. Brown of Kirk Michael having arrived, the sacrament was duly administered, first to the invalid in both kinds, on account of his weakness, and then to those present; Dr. Young, Mrs. Shirley, her son, and all the household, excepting two young persons who had never before communicated. After the conclusion of the service, just as Mr. Brown was going to pronounce the blessing, the Bishop touched his arm to stop him, and pronounced it himself in a firm and solemn tone. . . . At eleven o'clock at night [of the 20th], the whole family, with some of the servants, were summoned to the room, in the belief that his end was rapidly drawing near. His wife, who had gone down stairs, and had been suddenly called to the chamber of death, found him in the act of talking to a nephew who was deeply attached to him, and had hurried from Cambridge to see him. He reminded him, earnestly and affectionately, of all the serious conversations he had held with him in times past; and concluded by saying, "This is no sham, boy, no sham; you will now believe the truth of what I have urged upon you before." The sufferer was lying in the middle of the bed with the agonies of death evidently upon him, calmly contemplating its advances without a fear or a pang, the only unmoved person present. He evidently knew all his family. To the inquiry how he felt, his answer was, "I am quite passive; but I wish to go to Jesus." He then sent messages of exhortation and love to several friends; after which all present knelt around the bed whilst his poor father offered up a prayer for him and his family; for which he thanked him by his looks, though he said nothing. Soon after which, as it appeared likely he might live through the night, it was thought better that all should disperse, with the exception of his wife, his son, and his nephew, who never left him until the last sigh was drawn: the apothecary remained for a time, as long as there was a hope of sustaining the patient's sinking strength by cordials. But even this resource failed at three o'clock; and at six all were once more assembled in the dying man's room. His father again prayed, and again he received a look of unutterable thanks. An expression of individual tenderness and love was also directed to all around, as he evidently bade them each farewell in his heart. He also gave his blessing to one or two present, and again sent affectionate messages to friends. His last conscious act was to reprove his wife for weeping, by shaking his head. Soon after he became quite insensible whilst she was endeavouring to repeat to him Cowper's hymn, beginning,

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;"

and at eight o'clock a.m. 21st of April, 1847, after three deep sighs, he exchanged time for eternity.

Dr. SHIRLEY was a liberal in politics and tolerant in his religious views. He was an unflinching advocate of a thorough reform in the church, being desirous of revising the Articles, so as to admit all who agreed upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; he also contended for a redistribution of church property, so as to equalize the livings, and he was the consistent friend of popular education. Had his life been spared, in his exalted position he might have done good service in these respects. Here are

BISHOP SHIRLEY'S VIEWS ON CHURCH REFORM.

In addition to all this, there came your [his wife's] long lecture about Mr. Hull's petition, which was at the moment the most disturbing circumstance of them all; for I am always distressed when your judgment does not coincide with mine. But my opinion is not shaken. On the expediency of signing such a petition I shall not enter, because I know full well that if one wishes to pass quietly through the world the best plan is not to have any opinions on any subject; and if one is unfortunately troubled with opinions, the next best plan is, not to express them. On the merits of the case, however, I have long thought that the state of our subscription is most unsound. We have articles on points not essential to soundness in the faith on which real Christians may differ, and yet we require people holding opposite views to subscribe to them; so that it becomes necessary to receive the Articles in different senses. Is this a satisfactory state of things? Then there are things in our services—not many, nor of very great importance—which most good and wise men wish to be altered. Must we go on without attempting such alterations, when every day is increasing the difficulty of making the attempt? or shall we, while yet there is opportunity, go to the highest tribunal in the country (not to the Ministry, but to the Lords, with whom the Ministry has not a majority), and invite that tribunal to provide such a remedy as to its wisdom shall seem most fit? It is manifest there is a growing tendency among the heads of the church to contract its terms of union, and there is a growing tendency among the people to the contrary; and all this is leading to a separation between the Nation and the National Church. I want to see the doors of the church made as wide as the doors of heaven (as far as existing circumstances will admit), and to confine our subscription and uniformity to such points as are essential to the character of a child of God and of a true and faithful church of Christ.

He was also in favour of a large extension of the suffrage. On this subject we quote him again.

BISHOP SHIRLEY'S OPINION ON THE SUFFRAGE.

My own feeling is that the law of franchise ought to undergo an entire revision so as to reduce it to the state which is most consistent with the spirit of the constitution. For instance, I would make an income equivalent to forty shillings in land the qualification for voting; I would then throw open the freedom of the towns to the qualified occupiers of houses, take the franchise from the nominal boroughs, and extend it to the unrepresented large towns. That is my notion of civil reform. Then with regard to the church, I would have a bishop to every county; the present income divided among the whole number, and the present number returned to Parliament as the Irish bishops are. I would have a fresh valuation of all livings, and tax those above a certain amount for the benefit of those which are too small. Such are my foreign speculations.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain &c. By EDMUND LODGE, Esq., F.S.A. Vol. 3. London: Bohn.

This is the third volume of Mr. BOHN'S *Illustrated Library*, which we have already introduced to our readers. It contains thirty portraits of historical interest, all authenticated likenesses and exquisitely engraved on steel, commencing with Queen Elizabeth,

and comprising the most distinguished of her Court. A memoir accompanies each, which Mr. LODGE has written with his usual research and accuracy. This is beyond measure the cheapest collection of valuable engravings ever published, and, as a work of art, it is an acquisition, independently of its literary and historical worth.

PHILOSOPHY.

Aristotle's Treatise on Rhetoric, literally translated from the Greek. Also the Poetic of Aristotle, literally translated. By THOMAS BUCKLEY, B.A. of Christ Church. London: Bohn. 1850.

Bohn's *Classical Library* has just been enriched by the addition of the works of ARISTOTLE, which, we suspect, more persons talk about and write about than read. The truth is, that it is more difficult than our vanity is willing to admit to understand a scientific treatise in a foreign tongue and especially a dead language. Hence, even they who boast themselves to be classics will find it very convenient to peruse a faithful translation of his famous works; while to the multitudes who cannot even pretend to comprehend the original, but who must yet desire to make acquaintance with treatises which have occupied so large a portion of men's minds, and ruled for so many ages the opinions of the world, such a translation, published at a price that brings it within the attainment of the most moderate means, Mr. BOHN'S elegant edition will be an invaluable boon. It contains, also, numerous explanatory notes, HOBNE'S analysis, and a series of questions, together with a supplementary analysis comprising the Greek definitions. A copious index, much increases the utility of the work, by facilitating reference.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Episodes of Insect Life. By ACHETA DOMESTICA, M.E.S. Second Series. Reeve & Co.

THIS second series is not less interesting than was the first. Its purpose is to teach Natural History without the formal aspect of scientific teaching. The author, who conceals his proper name under the somewhat affected one which appears upon the title-page, endeavours to describe the habits and manners of the insect world in just such a vein of gossip, varied with not very successful attempts to be jocose, as if he were painting in a novel the doings of his fellow men. If these had been omitted, the work would have been improved, although it is probable he deems such to be his happiest hits. The engravings are good, and successfully coloured. His manner will be best exhibited by some extracts, and they will best recommend the volume from which they are taken.

THE ROSE CHAFER.

We have now ourselves a pair of these pretty insects caged in an open-worked basket, with serious intent to test the extent of their longevity, said by Roese to have reached, in an individual of his own keeping, to the term (for an insect patriarchal) of three years. As was done by the German naturalist, we supply our captives, in addition to their favourite roses, with fruit and sugared moistened bread,—a fare with which they seem by no means disposed to quarrel, any more than with each other, and such excellent friends are they, as often (like an insect Helena and Hermia) to

"Have with their" *jones* "sat working at one flower," or at the demolition of one strawberry.

Placed at a southern window, they seem quite content to revel in the hearts of gathered roses—appearing to strike the pollen from the golden anthers, and, when roused to more than usual activity by the warmth of the sun, to traverse the open bars of their straw prison, seldom attempting to unfurl their "silken pennons" from beneath their golden mail. They would prefer, doubtless, ever and anon, to "fan the gathering breeze," in a transit from one flower to another, but they certainly submit to their thralldom with a better grace than the wild bird under similar circumstances, and we

therefore regard ourselves, as their captors, somewhat less hard-hearted than the starling's jailor. "But where is the use," says somebody, "of keeping beetles? They do not sing to you—they do not love you—they do not even know you." True,—neither, we suspect, do the golden fishes, kept in your window, in crystal captivity. Your finny prisoners will rise perhaps to your hand for a bit of bread, and our mailed ones will come to ours, drawn by the magnet of a strawberry. But the main amusement afforded by your swimming captives is pleasure to the eye, as it follows, with admiration, the brilliant reflexes of their scaly sides; and we affirm that our green and golden favourites, their bright "endorsement" glittering amongst the roses as they revel in their hearts, are objects to the full as pleasing. By keeping them we are likely also to inform ourselves on the little known subject of insect economy. We find, for instance, that our chafers of the rose, contrary to the usage of the cock-chaffer, go to bed with the sun; and just as the majority of beetles, which have lurked all day under leafy coverts, stones, and in other darksome hiding-places, begin to wheel their drowsy flight, amidst the shades of evening, these lovers of the light retire with its disappearance, and about sunset regularly hide themselves, for the night, either beneath their roses or within the bed of light earth with which their basket cage is furnished. We fancy, also that by observation of our chafers' ways, we have gained also a little insight into their characters, as socially considered. Though their earthen bed is spacious as a "bed of Ware," they are almost invariably, when retired for the night, to be found lying side by side, and, though little enough of animal warmth is likely to be transferable through their coats of mail, they must certainly derive some sense of comfort from proximity.

That these little creatures, possessed of no audible voice except the loud shrill buzz of their powerful wings while passing through the air or lighting on a rose, have yet a language of their own—a mode of communication, and a way of influencing each other's movements—was further proved to us by the following circumstance.

From June to August of the last summer, instead of a pair we kept a trio of these pretty beetles, which, as regularly as night approached, were in the habit of betaking themselves to rest. On introducing a fourth into the basket, we found that the new-caught stranger, refusing to associate on the first night with his more domesticated associates, remained at the top instead of retiring to the bottom of his prison-house. By the arrival of a second night, you might have supposed the restless intruder somewhat reconciled to captivity, and ready to go to rest quietly with his fellows; but not a bit of it—he had only communicated to them his own sitting-up propensity. Another had accompanied him to the top, and owing, as it seemed, entirely to this "evil communication," our little prisoners abandoned for a time their "good manners," and, as long as the warm weather lasted, were as often found, after sunset, out of their beds as in them.

Now if any of our fair friends should feel disposed to try for themselves the keeping of some of these "loves among the roses," they may lodge them, if they please, in a style of appropriate elegance. In the stead of a basket let them be provided with a round closely-wired cage, high enough to contain in its centre a branch of roses, and wide enough to admit of a surrounding bed of light earth or sand. An ornamental cage, thus furnished with fresh roses, and tenanted by insects which in resplendency of metallic lustre almost match the humming-bird, would be no disgrace, we take it, to the window of a drawing-room or lady's boudoir; neither, we consider, would it be employment unbefitting for ladies' fingers to supply the captives with fresh flowers, or treat them with ripe strawberries.

Well, but perhaps say you, when the last rose of summer is departed, and the last strawberry is gathered, what then will become of our rose beetles? Why, for lack of summer flowers, the rose, the peony, and elder, they must content themselves with flowers of autumn, dahlia, marigold, and aster, and with autumn fruits, the plum and pear. But when winter comes in earnest? Then it is likely that, according to the usage of their out-door brethren, which retire for the season to chambers underground, your domesticated chafers may betake themselves, for the same, to the bed provided them. In the case, however (though this is not, we believe, in favour of their longevity), of their being roused to

activity by the warmth of house or fire, a moistened fragment of our staff of life" will suffice amply to support the light burthen of their vitality.

We have said nothing, hitherto, of the earliest, which is almost beyond doubt the longest period of the rose-chaffer's existence, however far extended. Like the rest of its tribe, this pretty beetle undergoes the usual triple metamorphoses of insect life. From an egg laid within the earth, he emerges, a grub or larva, to feed on roots, most usually those of the rose; the "family tree" from whence his parents, at all events his mother, has descended. Thus hermit-like, and upon this hermit's fare, he lives in dark seclusion for four years, and when these are over, constructs for himself, about the month of March, a still more straitened cell,—an earth-formed case resembling a pigeon's egg. He proceeds, under its cover, to the second stage of *Pupa*—from thence to the third and last estate; and after remaining yet another fortnight under ground, for his enamelled mail to acquire hardness, comes forth in all his splendour to meet the opening roses.

There is truth, eloquence, and beauty in this passage on

INSECT MINSTRELSY.

To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar and representative, the Heath Cricket, for whose crinkling chirp even we can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit, yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one; and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus. In like manner, the music of the Cricket's country cousin (of the field), or that of the Grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, "a disagreeable crink," can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to Nature's harmonies; for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground, it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory, if not in hearing, with evening bells, and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those that like it may do the same in England; Gilbert White assures us, on the trial of the experiment, that the Field Cricket, while supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field. To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy—or no fancy at all—the hum of the Gnat is suggestive, we know, of nothing but angry cheeks and swollen temples, with corresponding sounds of pshaw! and buffets; but to those who are less outwardly but more inwardly sensitive, the "horn" even of this insect blood-hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle "o'er the lea," and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset. When and whosoever a bee may happen to flit, humming past us, be it even near an apiary, in the Adelphi, or a balcony hive at Hammersmith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some heathy hill; and does not one forthwith hear in concert the bleating of flocks, the bursting of ripened furze-pods, and the blythe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkling cymbal played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aerial march of a departing swarm. Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the mental ear, even by the simple and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects which make melody in their mirth; and then how numerous are the corresponding images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering,—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers—smiling flowers—dancing leaves—waving cornfields—glittering waters—all intermingled in a haze of merry motion—an imaged dance of life got up "within the chamber of the mind," at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of Nature's living music. But besides the sensations of involuntary pleasure which we have often owed, without knowing it, to Insect Minstrelsy, it affords (though on this subject few perhaps ever think) matter for thought-inquiry, concerning the way in which it is produced. It is all of an instrumental and not vocal

character; and, among the varied mechanisms of natural objects, the instruments of sound furnished to insect musicians are none of the least curious. That of the celebrated Cicada (the classic lyre player)—an insect rarely seen in England, but still common in the South of Europe,—consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums fixed one on each side of the trunk; these are covered on the exterior by two membranaceous plates, usually circular or oval; and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums form, however, but one portion of a compound instrument; for, besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane in the interior a bundle of muscular strings, on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound a hole is expressly provided, like the sound-hole of a violin, or the opening in the human larynx. The chirp of the Cricket, both of house and field, is said, by Kirby, to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina, or wing-cases against each other, at their base; but these insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green field cricket this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane tensely stretched, and surrounded by a prominent edge or nervure. The instrument is to be found in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, and is concealed under the left, in which also there is a strong circular nervure, corresponding to the hoop of the drum beneath. The quick motion with which these nervures are rubbed together, producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound. What we call familiarly the singing or chirping of grasshoppers and locusts, is outwardly produced by the application of the hind shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the Cicada and the Cricket, are provided with their "petits tambours,"—membrane-covered drums, or cavities of somewhat varied construction, to augment the sound of exterior origin. Be it here observed, that the above named professors of the "joyeuse science"—the Cicada lyre-players—the Crickets of our field and household bands—the roving Grasshopper troubadours, are all, like the feathered minstrels of grove and garden, of the masculine sex; each doubtless playing his mid-day sonata, or evening serenade, with intent mainly to tickle the ear and fancy of his listening lady. On the muteness of the latter was founded a sly joke on the Xantippes of antiquity, which is equally applicable both to scolding and to musical matrons of the present day. "Happy," says Zenachus, the Rhodian,

Happy the Cicadas' lives,
Since they all have noiseless wives!"

We find the following on

THE LADY BIRD.

We know of nothing else remarkable about the Lady-bird, except one personal peculiarity not of the most agreeable sort, with which none who had ever handled this little insect can fail to be acquainted;—we mean, of course, that peculiar odour which has led some people to confound it in idea, as well as appellation, with an insect whose very name savours of offence. This forbidding quality is supposed to be defensive, serving as a protection against birds and other enemies. Connected, probably, with the same endowment, and suggested by it, were the curative uses, now obsolete, to which Lady-birds were once applied. The common Two-spot variety ejects from its joints, when touched, a yellow fluid of powerful though not agreeable musky odour, to the supposed virtue of which secretion has been attributed its employment as remedy for tooth-ache; and to the same cause it owes, doubtless, its place in the *Materia Medica* of old, as a cure for cholera.

Perhaps even these by-gone and problematic uses might be proved by experiment not quite imaginary; but the undoubted, obvious, and important service performed for man by the Lady-bird or Coccinella race, is that wherewith we commenced this brief memorial of their merits, namely, their extensive agency in keeping under the *Aphides*, or Blight Insects, so inimical to vegetation. But for them, and some two or three allies, not a lover of sweet posies could gather a rose unsullied or a honey-suckle undefiled. Let us, for this, do all honour to this red-coated race, preservers of our favourite flowers; but above all, let each lover of well-hopped

liquors drink in his glass of "October" destruction to "the Fly," and prosperity to the Fly-destroying "house" and "children" of the Lady-bird!

We will conclude with one of the many reflections which have been suggested to the author by his subject as he proceeded.

THE DAY FLY.

The remarkable brevity of the Ephemerals life seems to have attracted the notice of the ancients, Aristotle speaking of little animals on the river Hyparis which live but for a day; those (he observes) among them which die at eight in the morning die in their youth; those which live to see five in the afternoon, in their old age.

With one more application to ourselves let us now review the history, as, in the beginning, we examined the structure of our little Day-fly; for in the former, no less than in the latter, is contained a lesson written in characters Divine. What precious time, made up of stray minutes and odd half hours, do we not daily throw away, because "it is not worth while" to employ them! How many useful works do we deem it not "worth while" attempting, because life may probably be too short for their completion! How much of mind do we consider it not "worth while" to cultivate, because hopeless perhaps of living to reap the fruits of our mental labour, forgetting—creatures of a day, as we strive to make ourselves—that we are sowing, not for time, but for Eternity! In all these things an Ephemeral Fly may teach us wisdom. Although a few summer hours constitute his all of life, not a moment of those hours is thrown away;—with him all is ceaseless activity and consequent enjoyment; and, early as he dies, it is not until he has performed the purpose of his creation.

True—but then (say we) he is only a creature of instinct. Suppose he were endowed with understanding, and a knowledge of his own frail nature; then, perhaps, being aware that his existence was so very brief, he might, on rising perfect from his native streamlet, let himself drop back again and be drowned, because to enjoy life till sunset would not be "worth his while." Would our May-Fly be, in this case, veritably a creature of reason? We trow not, or his reason would be, at best, but the reasoning of the day.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Emigrant Churchman in Canada. By a Pioneer of the Wilderness. Edited by the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Member of the Royal Academy of Archaeology of Madrid, &c. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE author of this work is a Scotchman, probably educated for the Church, although, perhaps, not yet ordained, who appears to have visited Canada with a view to making a permanent settlement there; but we are not informed whether he was so far pleased with his survey as to induce him to quit his native country. We presume, however, that he returned home, for the notes of his tour were submitted to the practised pen of the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS for revision, and having been by him put into artistic shape, they have been published as an acceptable addition to our stock of information relating to Canada, which has lately proved so restive, and is likely to give us a great deal more trouble yet, and therefore, every authentic reporter of its condition is just now peculiarly valuable.

It seems that the main object of our author's pursuit was a farm. In search of one that should be eligible for his purpose, he wandered about a considerable portion of the country, and made accurate and minute observations of all that fell in his way. He does not neglect any of the subjects usually treated of by tourists, but his attention is more particularly given to topics that relate to the clergy, the condition of the church, and the

state of education. His views are certainly somewhat narrow and savouring of bigotry. He sees nothing good beyond his own circle, either in religion or politics. He sympathizes with the old party in Canada, which has not partaken of the progress that has marked the old parties in England. He has no notion of conceding anything to popular demands. He evidently thinks that nine-tenths of mankind were born to do the will of the favoured one-tenth. He denies the liberty of private opinion. He would make Might the ruler instead of Right; and, forgetting that other people have precisely the same title to form their judgments as he has to form his own, and that if they differ from him, he differs from them to the same extent, he would square the thoughts of the rest of the world to his own measure.

With this exception, however, his notes are informing and amusing. His descriptions of persons and places, and narratives of adventure and anecdotes, are graphic and lively. There is matter in what he says, and the reader is never offended with that much-a-do-about-nothing style, which so offensively marks many of the books which professional tourists have lately given to the world.

From his very varied stores we might glean as much curious material as we pleased, but with our restricted space, amid the abundance of new publications, we must be more than usually sparing of extract, and the reader, if pleased with these specimens, will turn to the volumes for more of the same kind.

The accounts that come to us of the cost of living in the colonies are so contradictory, that a careful calculation made by one who had the strongest motives to ascertain the truth, will be received with confidence.

There are some very comfortable hotels and boarding-houses in Toronto, the charges at which are extremely reasonable. At the Wellington Hotel, which is close to the shore, the forwarding establishments, post-office, &c., the charges for an ordinary stay are about one dollar (5s. currency, or 4s. sterling) a day. This includes bed-room, table, and in fact, everything but wine and washing! If a person makes it his regular residence, 60s. a year will be charged. This is considered chiefly a commercial hotel. The North American on the shore, and Macdonald's in King-street, have also very respectable claims on public consideration at much the same charges. In hotels in country towns you may live for three and a half dollars a week, and keep a horse for one and a half dollars more, you finding oats. The Black Swan in King-street, nearly opposite the Church Society's office, is, either from its locality or the character of the landlord, a place for the clergy to put up their conveyances. It is much more unpretending in outward appearance than some of the others; but a clergyman may always reckon on careful attention to his horses, vehicle, &c.

The charges at the boarding-houses vary from three to five dollars a week. For the latter charge one may get first-rate accommodation. But even as low as three one may obtain a place perfectly respectable and not at all unsuited as the temporary abode of any quiet individual, lay or clerical. Moreover, as the general run of boarders are persons professionally engaged, college students, &c., a stranger would have pretty nearly the exclusive use of the public sitting-room from breakfast till tea-time, with the exception of the dinner-hour. Breakfast is at eight, dinner at one, and tea at six; besides which any light refreshment may be had later in the evening without further charge, if one happens to be out or accidentally disposed to eat then. There are, however, we believe, boarding-houses whose charges are as low as two dollars a week: a person, of course, of any means, would not be likely to try there; they are, however, some of them sufficiently respectable in character. It is probable that where there was a family a deduction would be made from the individual charge of three dollars, or in the event of a long stay. But

surely it is encouraging to the emigrant of small means to think how cheaply he may live respectably and well in such a city as Toronto, where there is every advantage of society, shops, libraries, gas, cold and warm baths, &c. Since that most important item of expenditure his board and residence may be comfortably disposed of for say 30s. a year sterling, or 40s. currency. Thus a person who is wise enough to eschew intoxicating liquors may evidently live comfortably on 40s. to 50s. per annum sterling, as he will have no expenses, save those of clothes, shoes, washing, &c. In fact, three dollars a week is a very common charge in many parts of Canada, even in highly respectable private families, some of whom do not object to add to their income in this way, and in some cases washing may be included. If otherwise, your things will be washed for half a dollar a dozen, one piece with another, without reference to size or make.

Arrangements may readily be made moreover, if necessary, for the keep of a horse on very moderate terms; for the animal may be pastured in an enclosed clearing for one dollar a month during summer, should it not be deemed expedient, as is often done, to turn it loose to pick up its living at the road-side and in "the bush." Then oats are from 10s. to 15s. currency a bushel, and hay (Timothy hay) from eight to ten dollars a ton at an average; so that it is easy to calculate for how little a horse may be kept.

Here is a scrap of

SPORTING GOSSIP.

There are certain drugs, well known to trappers, the smell of which is sure bait for wolf, bear, and other animals, just as that of valerian is said to be for cats. Asafetida is the attractive substance for the wolves; and it is said that if a piece of meat be baited with it, and trailed behind a sleigh, if there be any wolves within miles they will come after you; when, if you are clever enough, and they not too numerous, you may get some of their scalps.

The trip to Niagara is, of course, one of the incidents of the work. As it was accomplished in a steamer, there is some novelty about it, and therefore it will not be unwelcome to the reader.

NIAGARA.

The pretty "Maid of the Mist" steamer takes the adventurous passengers along the said gorge from about a mile or more down to as near the foot of the falls as may safely consist with not being sucked within the perilous influence of the cataract, and drawn underneath it to overwhelming destruction.

It was a bold and unique idea the starting this vessel, and certainly one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by steam. Since, besides the danger of suction above, there is the continually recurring peril of being drawn beyond the point of safety into the tremendous rapids below; when, should she even live through them, she must be almost inevitably carried into the Macl-Ström-like whirlpool four miles down, and drawn into its hideous and unexplored abysses with all her luckless freight. It is scarcely necessary to say that the utmost precautions are taken to prevent the possibility of such a catastrophe; the principal security consisting in two separate engines, so that if any accident happened to one, she would still have power with the remaining one to stem the current. She is also provided with heavy anchors and cables, though I very much doubt their power of holding her, should accident disable her machinery near the lower end of her voyage. As it is, however, everything looks so well and is so well managed that I cannot say that when, on an after occasion, I took a trip in her, I felt the least uneasiness. Indeed, a young couple were married on board of her not long since. She certainly affords the opportunity of exhibiting the scenery of a passage that no mortal a few years ago could have ever dreamed of making, unless endued with the wings of the eagle; and as she is partly covered in on deck, and sheltered with high side-screens, one may ensconce one's self under the lee of these, when close to the foot of the falls and in the thick of the spray, without any but a very trivial aspersion. Here then is a situation as unique as any that could be presented on the habitable globe; floating upon the hissing, bubbling, eddying current, amidst the

loud thunders of this liquid amphitheatre, where the least over-nigh approach to its ever shifting and yet still stationary watery walls would insure a sudden and terrible dismissal to the eternal world; yet here man rides triumphantly and rests calmly. Were the strong leviathan, "made without fear," to dare to play in that spot, his mighty ribs would be crushed to atoms in a moment, were he once overpowered and sucked beneath the cataract. Yet here the frail atom man, by means of a little watery vapour confined and directed at his pleasure, moves with secure composure amidst a scene where the thunder of the very element which he controls pours magnificent terror all around, and jars the firm foundation of the rock-bound abysses where it roars.

As a specimen of his manner of dealing with the subject in which he appears to feel more particularly interested, take his account of

A CANADIAN CHURCH.

On leaving Hamilton for the Sound, you may take the coach, which will soon bring you along an admirable macadamized road lately constructed through Dundas, to the thriving town of Galt on the Grand River. There are some very large mills here, and altogether the place exhibits an air of business and substantiality which is truly refreshing. In the main streets about mid-day you will see so many waggons, buggies, &c., driving about or waiting at stores, as quite to give the place an air of life far before that of many country towns in England of similar population, which is about 2,000. There is a neat substantial stone church here, of which the Rev. M. Boomer is the amiable and popular incumbent: it cost about 1,300s., is seated for some 350 people, and has lately been fitted up with the most elegant draperies for the pulpit, reading-desk, &c., that I have seen in Canada. They are of roan-coloured velvet, trimmed with gold brocade, and adorned with rich bullion tassels at the corners. These were the gift to the church of the ladies of the congregation, and must have cost at least 20s. There is also a sweet-toned organ, in a handsome case, with four semi-stops and dulciana, which is lent by a gentleman of the congregation, whose property it is, and who himself, being an enthusiast in sacred choral music, kindly volunteers his own efficient services to the well-organized choir. A young lady, a teacher of music in the town, acts as organist; for which she receives 20s. a year. The organ itself is the highly-creditable work of a firm whose place of business is only three miles from Galt, in the almost entirely German town and settlement of Preston, where the services are those of the Lutheran communion. It cost about 100s. sterling. Perhaps a person would hardly expect organ-building establishments in country towns in Canada: there are two, however, here,—that of Hager and Vogt, who constructed the above instrument, and Limbrecht's. They were formerly one firm; and it seems a pity that by their separation, owing, we believe, to some dispute, their combined good qualities are lost to the public. Limbrecht is considered the superior workman.

There is a spice of humour in some of the scenes which the author has sketched, as in this narrative of

A NIGGER DUEL.

A duel between two darkies—a regular built affair, conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honour—came off one morning last week. The fight took place with pistols of the most approved fashion, at sunrise, on a small branch of the Metairie road. We do not know what the origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, to use the phrase of one of the spectators, "was crossed in lub by de oder, and dat him hona must hab satisfashun."

We have learned, from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They were substantially as follows:—

After having taken their stands, one of the seconds noticed that, owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal a winking and rolling his eyes. This was sufficient ground for interfering, and he called out to the other second with—

"I say, nigga, I puts my weto on dat posishun. It's agin de rules ob all de codes of hona dat I be eber scen. De frection ob de sun shines rader to severo and makes my principal roll him eye altogeder too much."

"Wy, wy, look here: didn't we chuck up a dollar for de choice ob ground? and didn't I get him myself?"

"Yes, I knows you did; but den fair play's a juba, and I'se no notion ob seein' my fren composed upon, and lose all do advantage."

"Well, nigga, I'se no notion too; I'se jus as good right to hab no notion as you is, and I 'sists on settlin' the matter jus as we is—and—"

At this junction a friendly cloud settled the matter at once, by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents. The two first causes took their position, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol ready cocked, from his second. Both manifested a tolerable degree of spunk, although a blueish paleness spread itself over their black cheeks. The second was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world, now took his ground. Raising his voice he began—

"Gemmen, your time am cum."

Both signified their assent.

"Is you ready? Fiah! one—two—three."

Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising the dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a "slantindicular" course in among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one.

It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation, the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist—

"Nigga, is you satisfied?"

"I is."

"So is I, and I'se glad to got off so. Next time dey catches dis nigga out on such a foolish exhibition as dis, dey'll hab to fetch me, dat dey will for sartin."

"Dem's my sentiments exactly," retorted the other. "When your onmortal instrument of def went off, I declar I thought I was a gone child; but I'se so happy now; let us shake hands, and go back to our abocations."

AN AMERICAN SERMON.

These are the last days, and wonderful things are to take place. The true, the everlasting gospel is to be preached to all nations; and the numerous systems of error are ready to crumble to pieces before the mighty power of truth. Truth has been banished from the earth for ages. All religious sects have some truths in their creeds; but their numerous errors have a pernicious tendency. But the hour of God's judgment has come—the nations are in commotion, there are wars and rumours of wars, and the wise can easily discern the signs of the times. God has the means to do all his pleasure.

He has punished the wicked in times past, and is now indicting chastisement on his enemies, and on those who vilify and slander his servants. One of this kind of "Chowder" got the measure of his iniquity in the length of a cowhide on Friday last. All liars shall have their portion; some get a taste beforehand.

I would, in conclusion, allude to the cow-hiding affair that came off on Friday last, I never wilfully injured any man, and have been peacefully disposed towards all mankind. Desiring to make a little money by play-acting, in order to pay my debts, &c., I resumed the profession in which I am not a novice, and performed a few nights at the National. The caricature in "The Public Chowder," published by Mr. Eastabrook, was sufficient to excite the anger of a man who had any regard for his reputation. With the exception of the contemptible thing alluded to, no paper in Boston said aught against me, but rather bestowed praise; besides, "The Public Chowder" grossly misrepresented my sermon. The peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, fully justified my giving him a *bond fide* cow-hiding for his folly.

Paul says, "No chastisement for the present is joyous, but grievous; but afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." It is to be hoped Mr. Eastabrook and all other economisers of truth, will take heed unto their ways, that they sin not with their tongue,—that they will not injure those who never have injured them. For the falsehoods and ridicule in the newspapers the law affords the aggrieved party but little redress; and if a man who controls a paper is at liberty to say what he pleaseth, without regard to the feelings of another, then it is equally plain that cow-hides, pistols, dirks, fists, and other weapons will come in

fashion. But God forbid such results! Jesus Christ once went into the Holy Temple which the Jews converted into a den of thieves, and with a whip of more cords than one, made the rebels scatter in double quick time. The way they run was a caution to sinners. Served them right. You perceive I am not the first preacher who flogged his enemy. A man is sometimes justified in proceeding to unlawful means to obtain satisfaction for the wrongs he has received. Amen.

FICTION.

Rebecca and Rowena; Romance upon Romance.

By MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. London.

THACKERAY has not been ill for nothing. For three months he has kept the readers of *Pendennis* in anxious suspense waiting the next part, always postponed because the author was sick. It is now plain what was the meaning of that sickness which gave so much concern to many admirers. He was writing something else, and that something has made its appearance in the form of a capital burlesque tale, admirably fitted to provoke seasonable smiles. For this we can excuse the suspension of *Pendennis*.

Rebecca and Rowena is a continuation of *Ivanhoe*!! The author has a notion that novelists do not deal fairly with their readers, by dropping the curtain upon their heroes and heroines just before marriage. Respect for truth and nature ought to require them to carry the story further, and exhibit the *unromantic* finale. As an illustration of this new philosophy of fiction, Mr. TITMARSH has undertaken to finish *Ivanhoe*. He does this in a strain of the most satirical comedy. We are introduced to ROWENA, the wife—Mrs. ROWENA—and IVANHOE, the hen-pecked husband. The lady is a model manager of a man, but not of a household; a saint, a slattern, and a shrew. IVANHOE can no longer remain at home; so he enlists again in the service of RICHARD, in France—is supposed to be killed in a fight: his wife thereupon marries ATHELSTANE; some years after IVANHOE returns, discovers her faithlessness, disguises himself, and settles at York, in citizen fashion. After the death of his wife and her husband, he starts again for the continent, seeking adventures; goes to Spain, rescues REBECCA at Valencia, and marries her, and there the curtain drops again, much after the fashion, however, which Mr. TITMARSH professes to satirize.

The fun of this *jeu d'esprit* mainly consists in the allusions to present manners and modern follies and the good-tempered satire, if such a thing can be, which runs throughout. It has the art, without the weariness, of *Rabelais*. A few passages will show the manner of this inimitable Christmas Book.

In the following scene IVANHOE has just returned to find ROWENA married to ATHELSTANE. In disguise he enters the castle, and hears WAMBA singing.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His majesty hath taken him into much favour. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really—"

"Jealous again, haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

"Nay, a wicked song," said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. "What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only."

"I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well," said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprang after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. "There be dead men alive and live men dead," whispered he. "There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?" And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, "I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!"

"Get up," said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; "only fools are faithful."

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came, Wamba was gone; and the knave being in the habit of wondering hither and thither, as he chose, little notice was taken of his absence by a master and mistress who had not much sense of humour. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feelings could not be expected to remain in a house where things so naturally disagreeable to him were occurring, and he quitted Rotherwood incontinently, after paying a dutiful visit to the tomb where his old father, Cedric, was buried, and hastened on to York, at which city he made himself known to the family attorney, a most respectable man, in whose hands his ready money was deposited, and took up a sum sufficient to fit himself out with credit, and a handsome retinue, as became a Knight of consideration. But he changed his name, wore a wig and spectacles, and disguised himself entirely, so that it was impossible his friends or the public should know him, and thus metamorphosed, went about whithersoever his fancy led him. He was present at a public ball at York, which the Lord Mayor gave, danced Sir Roger de Coverley in the very same set with Rowena—who was disgusted that Maid Marian took precedence of her—he saw little Athelstane overeat himself at the supper, and pledged his big father in a cup of sack, he met the Reverend Mr. Tuck at a missionary meeting, whereupon seconded a resolution proposed by that eminent divine;—in fine, he saw a score of his old acquaintances, none of whom recognized in him the warrior of Palestine and Templestowe.

Of the broader fun this is a specimen. It may be entitled

RICHARD, THE LION-HEARTED, AT HOME.

It pained him to see a man of the King's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at his Majesty whilst they flattered him; the Pages and Maids of Honour mimicked the Royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the King, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, his Majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs, words, and music; but those who have read Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors are aware, that there was a person by the name of Blondel who in fact did all the musical part of the King's performances; and as for the words, when a King writes verses we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His Majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air which was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom; and, turning round to his courtiers, would say, "How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning." Or, "Blondel, what do you think of this movement in

B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening, it was the evening of the 27th of March, 1799, his Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands and laughing in their sleeves. First, he sang an original air and poem, beginning,

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose,
Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse? &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an equally original heroic melody, of which the chorus was,

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
For Britons, never, never, never slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him; when the Knight, with a bow, said, "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George but ye never heard this song, for I composed it this very afternoon as I took my bath after the melle. Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that his Majesty had done as he said; and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows:—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican:
And there he sits and drain his can,
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased:
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no—the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him;
My wife, my wine, I love I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

Another of the *Lays*, which are thickly scattered through the volume, is

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary hearted; he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him—that was clear to old and young,
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious Master," cried the Keeper of the Seal,

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner, or the veal!"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry Monarch, "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel."

"Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a King be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's arm chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick, my Lord, the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied,
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine!"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old,
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"O, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires,
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered sons—"

—"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires."

"But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, my gracious Lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crowned with Minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;

"Now, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near:"

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't."

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently, I trust he may."

"He to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a Doctor can compete.
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet:

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet,

"Did not once the Jewish Captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;

"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine!"

"From the sacred shore I stand 'on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling soundly on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey,

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

Visions of the Times of Old; or the Antiquarian Enthusiast. By ROBERT BIGSBY, Esq., LL.D., author of "The Triumph of Drake," &c. In 3 vols.

This is the oddest book we have read for many a day. Dr. BIGSBY has adopted the form of a fiction to promulgate his large stores of

antiquarian knowledge, and his antique views of social and political economy. The story is that of one Sir ERNEST OLDWORTHY, who is the "Antiquarian Enthusiast" alluded to on the title-page, and a considerable portion of the three volumes is occupied with a description of his house, gardens, and museum. This introduces the story of King ASKEW, "a legendary narrative, descriptive of the heroic age of the North," which is feigned to have been sent to Sir ERNEST by some mysterious friend, who had found it in France. This, of course, affords the opportunity for reproducing all his stores of antiquarian learning relative to that mythic period. The third device is the stale one of a dream. The Knight falls asleep, and, in a vision, sees a sage, who informs him that King ASKEW, with all his court, were then bound in a magic slumber, in a cave not far from his residence, and invites him to pay them a visit with a view to disenchant them. The Knight consents, and they go together to find the spot: after some trouble and disappointment, they discover the door of the cavern; but, instead of being obliged to lift it with mighty labour, as is the fashion of such stories, it gives way with them, and they are precipitated right down into the bowels of the earth. But they are not killed, nor even hurt by the fall. They march on, and behold the entire court and household of the Danish King, fixed like statues, in the attitudes in which they were at the moment of their enchantment. Their presence restores life to the sleepers, but the ungrateful King orders them both to be executed as a reward for their impertinent intrusion, and, in his terror at this catastrophe, the dreamer awakes.

Such is the plan of this singular didactic fiction. It is not calculated to attract the reader by any interest in the story, and still less by the particular beauties of parts. Dr. BIGSBY is a heavy writer, and, withal, intolerably prosy. His enthusiasm as an antiquary makes him respectable, for enthusiasm of any kind is entitled to respect; but he will find few to sympathise with him, and fewer still who will deliberately read his three volumes right through. Here and there we discover passages that might deserve to be in a better place, but, as a whole, it cannot be recommended to the circulating library. We take an extract or two from the better parts of it.

His extravagant adulation of aristocracy, is shown in the following, which, however, is useful information.

SIGNS OF GENTLE BLOOD.

The grant of a coat-of-arms, constituting, therefore, a valuable distinction, a mark by which certain parties are hereditarily to be recognised as superior in rank to the general body of the people, it necessarily follows that any usurpation of that privilege by others is an offence, both in politics and morals, which deserves, and should always meet with, a ready exposure and punishment. There are four several qualities or degrees of gentility arising from the grant of coat-armour. One who inherits a coat-of-arms from his father, is styled a gentleman of birth; if he derives it from his grandfather he is termed a gentleman of blood; and, if he succeeds to the same from his great-grandfather or other more distant progenitor, he is entitled a gentleman of ancestry: if he obtains the grant himself, he is simply a gentleman of coat-armour. From these facts it is readily seen, that when once a family is created by a grant of heraldic honours, it obtains at every remove from the founder an added dignity in the scale of descent, and an acknowledged precedence of worth and estimation, as compared with others of later origin. The admirers of ancient blood look with comparatively little respect on arms granted at a period subsequent to the reigns of the Tudors, and venerate with an almost superstitious regard the possessors of arms deduced

from the sera of the Plantagenets. There are still certain appointments connected with the Court which can only be filled by gentlemen of ancient families; and it is much to be regretted that the good and wise [?] regulation which excluded from the profession of the bar all but gentlemen of four descents of coat-armour, was ever rescinded.

And this scrap of historical reminiscence is worth preserving.

A PICTURE OF THE DANES.

England had now become the divided possession of two powers, the West Saxons and the Danes, who had subjugated the whole of the island except Wessex. The "heathen-folk" burst like a devouring flame over the country; their wild howlings and ferocious manner adding a stranger terror to their approach. They were armed with all kinds of barbarian weapons—with slings, knotted clubs shod with iron, and darts often pointed with bone or flint; and being covered, in many instances, with the tails of horses and red bulls, and having the heads of wild boars, bears, wolves, and other fierce animals, placed open-mouthed over their helmets, they were distinguished by an unnatural and spectral appearance. Not a few of these wild invaders had their bodies bared to the waist, and were smeared with blood and dirt from head to heel; while, to add to the odd, uncouth grimness of their savage aspect, they wore caps of hard-boiled leather, fitting tightly to the skull. They advanced sometimes like wild beasts, with sudden leaps and inarticulate cries; at other times they marched in a kind of measured, quaintly-solemn step, to the shrill accompaniment of their rude clarions, or the harsh and hoarsely-resounding roll of their drums. The more regularly-appointed warriors wore lofty feathers in their helmets, and were attired in a polished iron cuirass, or a mail shirt, and carried long halberds in their hands. They were also armed with two-edged darts for throwing at a distance, and with broad, straight, and heavy swords of immoderate length, as well as with short crooked scimitars, which they used on coming to close action.

The following is really very beautiful landscape painting, and if the rest of the work had even approached to this in merit, we should have had to pass a very different judgment upon it.

CUCKOO PARK.

There was a steep and woolly height extending above the bank of the Trent, near the secluded spot called Ingleby, to which, in the sunny afternoons of early autumn, Sir Ernest Oldworthy would often repair. It is a wild, picturesque situation, remote from all human dwelling-places, and once belonged, with the manor, to the priory of Repton, to which it was given by Sir Robert Somerville, in 1291. It is distinguished by the fanciful name of "Cuckoo Park." Oaks of ancient growth, mingled with the ash and the elm, the larch and the Scottish fir, spread themselves, in close array, along the dim declivity. The descent is rocky, and occasionally precipitous; while its inequalities are obscured by the low, sheltering hawthorn, and by patches of gorse and heath, forming a harbour for the abundant game. Here and there a tree, profusely covered with the tempting looking sloe, or with the yellow ripened crab, of like faithless aspect, diversifies the rugged beauty of the shadowy cliffs. The river flows peacefully on beneath, skirting a narrow dell of the deepest verdure, which, in the vernal season is the favourite haunt of the early primrose. Troops of that shy and shadow-loving creature the hare, glance along the more open recesses of the woody scene, now flitting about, as in some strange orgy; and now, in collected groups, appearing to consult about some mysterious enterprise, whereon the fate of their ancient homes might seem to be dependent. Running hither and thither, suddenly pausing, and pricking their long ears in listening mood, then bounding forward with a buoyant leap, they hurry on, with breathless speed, till they have gained some resort of accustomed shelter. An ancient people are the hares; they were, probably, dwellers in Albion ere yet population was established. They are mentioned in the records of the Britons as animals devoted by the Druids to the purposes of divination, and hence they were forbidden as objects of food. The Romans are said to have introduced rabbits, pheas-

sants, cuckoos, and pigeons, partridges, plovers, turtles, and peacocks. When, in the dusk of evening, we have seen a company of hares careering with wildly-straining impetuosity along the upland slopes in the vicinity of Foremark, we have half deemed that the souls of some ancient British chiefs were thus permitted to revisit the scenes of their former love—those steep declivities down which they were wont to impel their swiftly-glancing chariots of war.

Country Quarters: a Novel. By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. With a Memoir by her niece, Miss POWER. In 3 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

A POSTHUMOUS work will always be read with a melancholy interest. We cannot forget that it will be the last we shall ever receive from the same hand: that the busy brain which conceived it is senseless now: that the fingers which flew over the pages are stiff and cold; and we wonder if, when the author wrote, he was conscious that he should never, never write again, and whether it can be that we may be now as unconscious as he was of impending death. The last novel of the Countess of BLESSINGTON will be read with an eager interest by all who have enjoyed her many contributions to the amusement of the world, and by hundreds who will be induced to read now for the first time, by the double attraction it offers of a memoir of the accomplished authoress, and a story which was her latest effort. We must briefly follow this memoir, so simply and affectionately, and therefore so effectively, written by Miss POWER.

MARGUERITE, Countess of BLESSINGTON, was the second daughter of EDMUND POWER, Esq., of Tipperary, and was born on the 1st September, 1790. "Beauty," says Miss POWER, "the heritage of the family, was in her early youth denied to MARGUERITE; her elder brother and sister were singularly handsome and healthy children, while she, pale, weakly, and ailing, was for years regarded as little likely ever to grow to womanhood. The precocity of her intellect, the keenness of her perceptions, and her extreme sensitiveness, all of which are so often regarded, more especially among the Irish, and people peculiarly impressionable and superstitious, as the precursive symptoms of an early death, confirmed this belief; and the poor, pale, reflective child was long looked upon as doomed to an early grave."

She found no congenial tastes in her early home, and therefore lived, as all such children live, in a world of dreams and fancies of her own creation, her mind feeding upon itself, until accident threw in her way a lady of good sense, combined with much taste and talent, who cultivated what was good in her and repressed her too dreamy tendencies. Miss DWYER took a deep interest in the neglected child and devoted herself with zeal and kindness to the improvement of a mind so full of promise. As she grew up, her parents felt the necessity for giving to their family more education than could be obtained at the remote village of Knockbrit, and they removed to Clonmel, the county town of Tipperary. MARGUERITE severely felt the loss of the scenes with which all her young dreams were associated: her parting with them was affecting. "At last the day arrived when she was to leave the home of her childhood, and sad and lonely she stole forth to the garden to bid farewell to each beloved spot. Gathering a handful of flowers as relics to keep in memory of the place, she, fearing the ridicule of the

other members of the family, carefully concealed them in her pocket, and with many tears and bitter regrets, was at last driven from Knockbrit, where, as it seemed to her, she left all of happiness behind her.

Arrived at their destination, the many friends with whom her parents were acquainted at Clonmel, eagerly flocked around them. Loud and long were the praises bestowed on the beauty and animation of the children, with the exception of Marguerite, who, pale, sad and retiring, showed to even less advantage than usual; and she would have remained wholly unnoticed had not the projection of that homely article of dress, her pocket, unfortunately attracted the attention of the lady at whose house the first evening was passed. "What have you got in your pocket, my dear?" she inquired of the child, who blushing with painful confusion dared not reply to the question. Her mother beckoned to her, and thrusting her hand into the repository of her treasures, drew forth from its recesses the withered flowers, so carefully placed there in the morning. Shame, embarrassment and grief all struggled in the breast of the child as the beloved relics were brought to light, and contemptuously flung from the window, and after a hard but unsuccessful effort to restrain her tears, she burst into a fit of weeping, which drew down accusations of folly and ill-temper, at the idea that a girl of her age should amuse herself by filling her pocket with withered flowers, and then cry because they were taken from her!

At Clonmel her health rapidly improved, but here her father's reckless extravagance plunged him into difficulties, and occasioned extreme annoyance to the family. She was, however, early introduced into society, and it is remarked that, even at fourteen, the taste for dress which she always displayed had already distinguished her, and she was then the best dressed person in every society. She was married at the shamefully early age of fourteen and a half, and the history of this unfortunate affair is thus narrated by Miss POWER:

At a dinner given to them by her father, Marguerite was immediately singled out by two of them, Captain Murray and Captain Farmer, who paid her the most marked attention, which was renewed at a juvenile ball given shortly after.

The admiration of Captain Murray, although it failed to win so very youthful a heart, pleased and flattered her, while that of Captain Farmer excited nothing but mingled fear and distaste. She hardly knew why; for young, good looking, and with much to win the good graces of her sex, he was always considered as more than equal to Captain Murray in the power of pleasing. An instinct, however, which she could neither define nor control, increased her dislike to such a degree at every succeeding interval, that Captain Farmer perceiving it was in vain to address her personally, applied to her parents unknown to her, offering his hand with the most liberal proposals which a good fortune enabled him to make. In ignorance of an event which was destined to work so important a change in her destiny, Marguerite received a similar proposal from Captain Murray, who at the same time informed her of the course adopted by his brother officer, and revealed the fact which perhaps accounted for the instinctive dread she felt for him; and even during his lucid intervals, there were moments when the symptoms of the terrible malady might be detected in a certain wildness and abruptness of speech and gesture. Astonishment, embarrassment, and incredulity were the feelings uppermost in the girl's mind, at a communication so every way strange and unexpected. That a child of fourteen should thus seriously be sought in marriage by two men seemed to her as all but impossible; and that she should be kept in ignorance of the fact as regarded one, appeared no less so. The idea, however, that this silence on the part of her parents might proceed from their having rejected the addresses of her dreaded suitor, occurred to relieve her mind, and feeling more pained and embarrassed than gratified by the declaration of Captain Murray, she blushing declined his proposals, on the plea that she was too young to contemplate so serious an engagement.

B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening, it was the evening of the 27th of March, 1799, his Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands and laughing in their sleeves. First, he sang an original air and poem, beginning,

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose,
Fresh and fair ones, who'll refuse? &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an equally original heroic melody, of which the chorus was,

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,
For Britons, never, never, never slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sat without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him; when the Knight, with a bow, said, "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eyebrows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George but ye never heard this song, for I composed it this very afternoon as I took my bath after the mûlle. Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that his Majesty had done as he said; and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows:—

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican;
And there he sits and drains his can,
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Souldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased:
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no—the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him.
My wife, my wine, I love I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

Another of the *Lays*, which are thickly scattered through the volume, is

KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary hearted; he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him—that was clear to old and young,
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious Master," cried the Keeper of the Seal,

"Sure, my lord, it is the lamproys, served at dinner, or the veal!"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry Monarch, "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel."

"'Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;

Can a King be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's arm chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick, my Lord, the Keeper nodded,

Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied,

Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and shine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine!"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to thine!"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old,
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Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!"

"O, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
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"But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, my gracious Lord, to search,
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Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crowned with Minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;

"You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near:"

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
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"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently, I trust he may."

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Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus."

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a Doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet,

"Did not once the Jewish Captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
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"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide."

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign!"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine!"

"From the sacred shore I stand 'on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling soundly on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey,

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist away.

Visions of the Times of Old; or the Antiquarian Enthusiast. By ROBERT BIGSBY, Esq., LL.D., author of "The Triumph of Drake," &c. In 3 vols.

This is the oddest book we have read for many a day. Dr. Bigsby has adopted the form of a fiction to promulgate his large stores of

antiquarian knowledge, and his antique views of social and political economy. The story is that of one Sir ERNEST OLDWORTHY, who is the "Antiquarian Enthusiast" alluded to on the title-page, and a considerable portion of the three volumes is occupied with a description of his house, gardens, and museum. This introduces the story of King ASKEW, "a legendary narrative, descriptive of the heroic age of the North," which is feigned to have been sent to Sir ERNEST by some mysterious friend, who had found it in France. This, of course, affords the opportunity for reproducing all his stores of antiquarian learning relative to that mythic period. The third device is the stale one of a dream. The Knight falls asleep, and, in a vision, sees a sage, who informs him that King ASKEW, with all his court, were then bound in a magic slumber, in a cave not far from his residence, and invites him to pay them a visit with a view to disenchant them. The Knight consents, and they go together to find the spot: after some trouble and disappointment, they discover the door of the cavern; but, instead of being obliged to lift it with mighty labour, as is the fashion of such stories, it gives way with them, and they are precipitated right down into the bowels of the earth. But they are not killed, nor even hurt by the fall. They march on, and behold the entire court and household of the Danish King, fixed like statues, in the attitudes in which they were at the moment of their enchantment. Their presence restores life to the sleepers, but the ungrateful King orders them both to be executed as a reward for their impertinent intrusion, and, in his terror at this catastrophe, the dreamer awakes.

Such is the plan of this singular didactic fiction. It is not calculated to attract the reader by any interest in the story, and still less by the particular beauties of parts. Dr. BIGSBY is a heavy writer, and, withal, intolerably prosy. His enthusiasm as an antiquary makes him respectable, for enthusiasm of any kind is entitled to respect; but he will find few to sympathise with him, and fewer still who will deliberately read his three volumes right through. Here and there we discover passages that might deserve to be in a better place, but, as a whole, it cannot be recommended to the circulating library. We take an extract or two from the better parts of it.

His extravagant adulation of aristocracy, is shown in the following, which, however, is useful information.

SIGNS OF GENTLE BLOOD.

The grant of a coat-of-arms, constituting, therefore, a valuable distinction, a mark by which certain parties are hereditarily to be recognised as superior in rank to the general body of the people, it necessarily follows that any usurpation of that privilege by others is an offence, both in politics and morals, which deserves, and should always meet with, a ready exposure and punishment. There are four several qualities or degrees of gentility arising from the grant of coat-armour. One who inherits a coat-of-arms from his father, is styled a gentleman of birth; if he derives it from his grandfather he is termed a gentleman of blood; and, if he succeeds to the same from his great-grandfather or other more distant progenitor, he is entitled a gentleman of ancestry: if he obtains the grant himself, he is simply a gentleman of coat-armour. From these facts it is readily seen, that when once a family is created by a grant of heraldic honours, it obtains at every remove from the founder an added dignity in the scale of descent, and an acknowledged precedence of worth and estimation, as compared with others of later origin. The admirers of ancient blood look with comparatively little respect on arms granted at a period subsequent to the reigns of the Tudors, and venerate with an almost superstitious regard the possessors of arms deduced

from the sera of the Plantagenets. There are still certain appointments connected with the Court which can only be filled by gentlemen of ancient families; and it is much to be regretted that the good and wise [?] regulation which excluded from the profession of the bar all but gentlemen of four descents of coat-armour, was ever rescinded.

And this scrap of historical reminiscence is worth preserving.

A PICTURE OF THE DANES.

England had now become the divided possession of two powers, the West Saxons and the Danes, who had subjugated the whole of the island except Wessex. The "heathen-folk" burst like a devouring flame over the country; their wild howlings and ferocious manner adding a stranger terror to their approach. They were armed with all kinds of barbarian weapons—with slings, knotted clubs shod with iron, and darts often pointed with bone or flint; and being covered, in many instances, with the tails of horses and red bulls, and having the heads of wild boars, bears, wolves, and other fierce animals, placed open-mouthed over their helmets, they were distinguished by an unnatural and spectral appearance. Not a few of these wild invaders had their bodies bared to the waist, and were smeared with blood and dirt from head to heel; while, to add to the odd, uncouth grimness of their savage aspect, they wore caps of hard-boiled leather, fitting tightly to the skull. They advanced sometimes like wild beasts, with sudden leaps and inarticulate cries; at other times they marched in a kind of measured, quaintly-solemn step, to the shrill accompaniment of their rude clarions, or the harsh and hoarsely-resounding roll of their drums. The more regularly-appointed warriors wore lofty feathers in their helmets, and were attired in a polished iron cuirass, or a mail shirt, and carried long halberds in their hands. They were also armed with two-edged darts for throwing at a distance, and with broad, straight, and heavy swords of immoderate length, as well as with short crooked scimitars, which they used on coming to close action.

The following is really very beautiful landscape painting, and if the rest of the work had even approached to this in merit, we should have had to pass a very different judgment upon it.

CUCKOO PARK.

There was a steep and woody height extending above the bank of the Trent, near the secluded spot called Ingleby, to which, in the sunny afternoons of early autumn, Sir Ernest Oldworthy would often repair. It is a wild, picturesque situation, remote from all human dwelling-places, and once belonged, with the manor, to the priory of Repton, to which it was given by Sir Robert Somerville, in 1291. It is distinguished by the fanciful name of "Cuckoo Park." Oaks of ancient growth, mingled with the ash and the elm, the larch and the Scottish fir, spread themselves, in close array, along the dim declivity. The descent is rocky, and occasionally precipitous; while its inequalities are obscured by the low, sheltering hawthorn, and by patches of gorse and heath, forming a harbour for the abundant game. Here and there a tree, profusely covered with the tempting looking sloe, or with the yellow ripened crab, of like faithless aspect, diversifies the rugged beauty of the shadowy cliffs. The river flows peacefully on beneath, skirting a narrow dell of the deepest verdure, which, in the vernal season is the favourite haunt of the early primrose. Troops of that shy and shadow-loving creature the hare, glance along the more open recesses of the woody scene, now flitting about, as in some strange orgy; and now, in collected groups, appearing to consult about some mysterious enterprise, whereon the fate of their ancient homes might seem to be dependent. Running hither and thither, suddenly pausing, and pricking their long ears in listening mood, then bounding forward with a buoyant leap, they hurry on, with breathless speed, till they have gained some resort of accustomed shelter. An ancient people are the hares; they were, probably, dwellers in Albion ere yet population was established. They are mentioned in the records of the Britons as animals devoted by the Druids to the purposes of divination, and hence they were forbidden as objects of food. The Romans are said to have introduced rabbits, pheas-

sants, cuckoos, and pigeons, partridges, plovers, turtles, and peacocks. When, in the dusk of evening, we have seen a company of hares careering with wildly-straining impetuosity along the upland slopes in the vicinity of Foremark, we have half deemed that the souls of some ancient British chiefs were thus permitted to revisit the scenes of their former love—those steep declivities down which they were wont to impel their swiftly-glancing chariots of war.

Country Quarters: a Novel. By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. With a Memoir by her niece, Miss POWER. In 3 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

A POSTHUMOUS work will always be read with a melancholy interest. We cannot forget that it will be the last we shall ever receive from the same hand: that the busy brain which conceived it is senseless now: that the fingers which flew over the pages are stiff and cold; and we wonder if, when the author wrote, he was conscious that he should never, never write again, and whether it can be that we may be now as unconscious as he was of impending death. The last novel of the Countess of BLESSINGTON will be read with an eager interest by all who have enjoyed her many contributions to the amusement of the world, and by hundreds who will be induced to read now for the first time, by the double attraction it offers of a memoir of the accomplished authoress, and a story which was her latest effort. We must briefly follow this memoir, so simply and affectionately, and therefore so effectively, written by Miss POWER.

MARGUERITE, Countess of BLESSINGTON, was the second daughter of EDMUND POWER, Esq., of Tipperary, and was born on the 1st September, 1790. "Beauty," says Miss POWER, "the heritage of the family, was in her early youth denied to MARGUERITE; her elder brother and sister were singularly handsome and healthy children, while she, pale, weakly, and ailing, was for years regarded as little likely ever to grow to womanhood. The precocity of her intellect, the keenness of her perceptions, and her extreme sensitiveness, all of which are so often regarded, more especially among the Irish, and people peculiarly impressionable and superstitious, as the precursive symptoms of an early death, confirmed this belief, and the poor, pale, reflective child was long looked upon as doomed to an early grave."

She found no congenial tastes in her early home, and therefore lived, as all such children live, in a world of dreams and fancies of her own creation, her mind feeding upon itself, until accident threw in her way a lady of good sense, combined with much taste and talent, who cultivated what was good in her and repressed her too dreamy tendencies. Miss DWYER took a deep interest in the neglected child and devoted herself with zeal and kindness to the improvement of a mind so full of promise. As she grew up, her parents felt the necessity for giving to their family more education than could be obtained at the remote village of Knockbrit, and they removed to Clonmel, the county town of Tipperary. MARGUERITE severely felt the loss of the scenes with which all her young dreams were associated: her parting with them was affecting. "At last the day arrived when she was to leave the home of her childhood, and sad and lonely she stole forth to the garden to bid farewell to each beloved spot. Gathering a handful of flowers as relics to keep in memory of the place, she, fearing the ridicule of the

other members of the family, carefully concealed them in her pocket, and with many tears and bitter regrets, was at last driven from Knockbrit, where, as it seemed to her, she left all of happiness behind her.

Arrived at their destination, the many friends with whom her parents were acquainted at Clonmel, eagerly flocked around them. Loud and long were the praises bestowed on the beauty and animation of the children, with the exception of Marguerite, who, pale, sad and retiring, showed to even less advantage than usual; and she would have remained wholly unnoticed had not the projection of that homely article of dress, her pocket, unfortunately attracted the attention of the lady at whose house the first evening was passed. "What have you got in your pocket, my dear?" she inquired of the child, who blushing with painful confusion dared not reply to the question. Her mother beckoned to her, and thrusting her hand into the repository of her treasures, drew forth from its recesses the withered flowers, so carefully placed there in the morning. Shame, embarrassment and grief all struggled in the breast of the child as the beloved relics were brought to light, and contemptuously flung from the window, and after a hard but unsuccessful effort to restrain her tears, she burst into a fit of weeping, which drew down accusations of folly and ill-temper, at the idea that a girl of her age should amuse herself by filling her pocket with withered flowers, and then cry because they were taken from her!

At Clonmel her health rapidly improved, but here her father's reckless extravagance plunged him into difficulties, and occasioned extreme annoyance to the family. She was, however, early introduced into society, and it is remarked that, even at fourteen, the taste for dress which she always displayed had already distinguished her, and she was then the best dressed person in every society. She was married at the shamefully early age of fourteen and a half, and the history of this unfortunate affair is thus narrated by Miss POWER:

At a dinner given to them by her father, Marguerite was immediately singled out by two of them, Captain Murray and Captain Farmer, who paid her the most marked attention, which was renewed at a juvenile ball given shortly after.

The admiration of Captain Murray, although it failed to win so very youthful a heart, pleased and flattered her, while that of Captain Farmer excited nothing but mingled fear and distaste. She hardly knew why; for young, good looking, and with much to win the good graces of her sex, he was always considered as more than equal to Captain Murray in the power of pleasing. An instinct, however, which she could neither define nor control, increased her dislike to such a degree at every succeeding interval, that Captain Farmer perceiving it was in vain to address her personally, applied to her parents unknown to her, offering his hand with the most liberal proposals which a good fortune enabled him to make. In ignorance of an event which was destined to work so important a change in her destiny, Marguerite received a similar proposal from Captain Murray, who at the same time informed her of the course adopted by his brother officer, and revealed the fact which perhaps accounted for the instinctive dread she felt for him; and even during his lucid intervals, there were moments when the symptoms of the terrible malady might be detected in a certain wildness and abruptness of speech and gesture. Astonishment, embarrassment, and incredulity were the feelings uppermost in the girl's mind, at a communication so every way strange and unexpected. That a child of fourteen should thus seriously be sought in marriage by two men seemed to her as all but impossible; and that she should be kept in ignorance of the fact as regarded one, appeared no less so. The idea, however, that this silence on the part of her parents might proceed from their having rejected the addresses of her dreaded suitor, occurred to relieve her mind, and feeling more pained and embarrassed than gratified by the declaration of Captain Murray, she blushing declined his proposals, on the plea that she was too young to contemplate so serious an engagement.

A few days proved to her that the information of Captain Farmer's having addressed himself to her parents was but too true; and the further discovery that these addresses were sanctioned by them, filled her with anxiety and dismay. She knew the embarrassed circumstances of her father, the desire he would naturally feel to secure a union so advantageous in a worldly point of view for one of his children; and she knew, too, his fiery temper, his violent resistance of any attempt at opposition, and the little respect or consideration he entertained for the wishes of any of his family when contrary to his own. Her mother, too, gave but little heed to what she considered as the foolish and romantic notions of a child who was much too young to be consulted in the matter. Despite of tears, prayers, and entreaties, the unfortunate girl was compelled to yield to the commands of her inexorable parents; and at fourteen and a half she was united to a man who inspired her with nothing but feelings of terror and detestation.

The result might be anticipated. In a very short period she was compelled to fly from the roof of a man who was not a husband, but a tyrant and a persecutor.

For some years she resided in London with her brother, and, as she advanced in age, her beauty grew, until it became famous in London society, and was sung by the poets and painted by the first artists of the time.

Notwithstanding her difficult position, and with numerous admirers, she behaved herself so discreetly that no breath of scandal sullied her reputation, and, on the death of her cruel husband, who flung himself out of a window in a fit of insanity, the Earl of Blessington, in 1817, offered her his hand and title: they were accepted.

Her subsequent career, as the munificent patroness of genius in every form and the enjoying the friendship of every distinguished person of her time, is too well known to need repeating. Her first care, on the attainment of fortune, was to restore her family to ease and comfort, of which they had been so long deprived. The death of the Earl, in 1825, reduced her income, and probably turned her thoughts to authorship, as a means of enlarging her resources. Her death, and the circumstances that immediately preceded it, are thus described:

In the course of time, changes and circumstances, over which Lady Blessington had no control, rendered a removal from Gore House desirable. Severe domestic afflictions, increasing years, and impaired health, made the literary labour, in which she had been so long and actively engaged, a task much too difficult and fatiguing to be longer persevered in, at the same time that its remuneration, in the cases of even the most popular and distinguished writers, became considerably diminished. The distresses in Ireland, from whence Lady Blessington's income was drawn, were also the source of considerable delays, disappointments, and losses. Desirous of rest, and feeling the impossibility of making a change in her mode of life without a change of residence, she had long contemplated retiring to the Continent, where her income would be sufficient to enable her to live without the necessity of labour. This step was at last put into execution, and in the month of April, 1849, she removed to Paris, where she took a new and beautiful *appartement* in the Champs Elysees, which she began to occupy herself in furnishing. Having nearly completed the task, her impatience to quit the hotel, where she suffered much from the heat and noise, and her desire to enter her new abode, induced her to remove to it before it was entirely ready for her reception, and she took possession of it on the 3rd of June. Early on the following morning, she was attacked with difficulty of breathing, a symptom from which she had suffered on previous occasions, but which had been lightly treated by the physicians consulted. Finding herself becoming rapidly worse, she called for assistance, and medical aid was instantly sent for, while, in the meantime, every remedy that could be suggested was

applied, but in vain. She gradually sank, and expired at the last, tranquil as a sleeping infant; so that not even those who hung trembling over her, could fix with precision the moment when she drew her latest breath. Enlargement of the heart, which was proved on examination to have commenced five-and-twenty years previously, was the cause of her death. Possibly the change of air and mode of life, the unusual exertion she had undergone during her stay in Paris, and the excitement attendant on the removal, may have accelerated the crisis, but that such a malady must soon have had a fatal result, was inevitable.

It is many years since the death of any individual, however eminent, has produced the same sensation as that of Lady Blessington. A halo of interest, admiration, and affection, had so long hung about her, that it seemed impossible that the light of so brilliant a star should thus instantaneously and unexpectedly be quenched. The announcement of her death was so strange and startling, that it was at first received with incredulity; but, when the fact was confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt, deep, sincere, universal, and lasting, was the sorrow felt and expressed. Great to all, her loss to many, is irreparable. Those who knew her in her home circle, who shared her unbounded generosity, her tender friendship and protection; who witnessed her trials,—trials arising but too often from sources whence she had a right to expect naught but gratitude and devotion; who beheld her forgiveness of unmerited injuries, "not until seven times, but until seventy times seven," her courageous defence of the traduced at whatever personal cost—her thousand fine and noble qualities,—can alone feel the full extent of such a bereavement.

In all the peculiarities of her genius, Lady Blessington was essentially feminine; the tenderness of her heart, the extreme quickness of her perceptions, the keenness of her sensibility, the sprightliness of her wit, the freshness of her feelings, evidenced in her almost childish facility of being touched, interested, or amused, remained unimpaired to the latest day of her existence. In her works may be observed all these characteristics, united with an extreme readiness of invention, great humour, and a high moral tone, which was so prominent a feature in them, that innumerable members of the clergy, with whom she had no personal acquaintance, addressed to her letters of approval and compliment.

The remains of Lady Blessington are interred in France, a country for which she always entertained much regard; and which, on her removal thither, she contemplated the probability of making her permanent residence. They are deposited at Chambourcy, near St. Germain-en-Laye, the residence of the Duc and Duchesse de Grammont, between whom and Lady Blessington the warmest and closest intimacy had existed uninterrupted from the period of her first residence in Paris. The monument is designed and erected in a most beautiful and retired spot, by one who for nearly five-and-twenty years had regarded her with a deep and filial devotion, and whose only consolation was to be found in paying the last tribute of tenderness and respect to her cherished memory. We allude to Comte d'Orsay, whose dying mother had with her latest breath exacted from Lady Blessington a promise never to leave her son, a similar promise having been made by him to Lord Blessington, who loved him with a paternal affection. This mutual engagement was kept to the letter, and the quarter of a century that they remained together only served to strengthen and consolidate the tender regard that subsisted between them. In Comte d'Orsay, Lady Blessington found the son that nature had withheld from her, and on him she bestowed that tenderness with which her heart overflowed. His wishes, his interests, were ever the moving principle of her actions; his friends were hers, and to love or dislike him (and her quick and feminine instinct never failed to teach her where either sentiment existed) was the best claim to her affection, or the strongest provocative to her antipathy.

A modest and simple monument is erected to her memory by Comte D'ORSAY, "whose dying mother had, with her latest breath, exacted from Lady BLESSINGTON a promise never to leave her son, a similar promise having been made by him to Lord BLESSINGTON,

who loved him with a paternal affection. This mutual engagement was kept to the letter, and the quarter of a century that they remained together only served to strengthen and consolidate the tender regard that subsisted between them. In Comte D'ORSAY, Lady BLESSINGTON found the son that Nature had withheld from her, and, on him she bestowed that tenderness with which her heart overflowed. His wishes, his interests, were ever the moving principles of her actions; his friends were hers, and to love or dislike him was the best claim to her affection, or the strongest provocative to her antipathy."

On her tomb is the following inscription—the English from the pen of BARRY CORNWALL, the Latin from that of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN MEMORY OF
MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,
WHO DIED ON THE 4TH JUNE, 1849.
In her lifetime
She was loved and admired,
For her many graceful writings,
Her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart.
Men, famous for art and science,
In distant lands,
Sought her friendship;
And the historians & scholars, the poets, & wits, & painters,
Of her own country,
Found an unfailing welcome
In her ever hospitable home.
She gave, cheerfully, to all who were in need,
Help, and sympathy, and useful counsel;
And she died
Lamented by many friends.
They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most,
Have reared this tributary marble
Over the place of her rest.

Hic est depositum
Quod superest mulieris
Quondam pulcherrime
Benefacta celare potuit
Ingenuum aum non potuit
Peregrinos quos libet
Grata hospitalitate convocabat
Lutetie parisorum
Ad meliorem vitam ablit
Die IV mensis Junii
MDCCCXLIX.

"Country Quarters," is a clever sketch of society in a country garrison town. The plot is well constructed, and the dialogues are full of wit and spirit. But, as it appeared in a periodical form, in one of the magazines, it has probably been enjoyed by many of our readers who, we are sure, will join us in recommending its perusal by those who did not see it in its original form.

Tales and Sketches of Scottish Life: with Poems.
By PASTOR. Edinburgh: Hogg. 1850.

THE Tales and Sketches are better than the Poetry. The latter is exceedingly prosaic. The tales are interesting, well written, and point a wholesome moral. "Wandering Menie," is the longest and best. All are extremely Scotch. "Three Days' Hunt after Croakers," is a sort of illustrated moral discourse, replete with extracts from the philosophers and divines, the object of which is to preach cheerfulness. It occupies almost half the volume and forms the most valuable portion of it.

The Puritan and his Daughter. By J. K. PAULDING.
London: Routledge.

The Prairie. By J. F. COOPER. *Ibid.*
WE had occasion to notice this novel when, a few weeks since, it appeared in the costly form of two octavo volumes. It is now included in Mr. Routledge's *Railway Library* in the popular form of a one shilling volume. The interest of the plot and the beauty of the composition will recommend it to all readers of romance, whether on railways or in arm-chairs.

The Prairie is another of the volumes comprised in the same cheap and excellent *Library*. The print is clear, and easily read, even amid the motion of a railway carriage, so that it well deserves its name.

One in a Thousand. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. London: Sims & MacIntyre.

THE enterprising proprietors of the *Parlour Library* have purchased the copyrights of all Mr. James's novels, and are now giving them to the public in the same convenient form, and at the same trifling price, as recommended the former volumes of the series to so extraordinary a popularity. The typography is clear and good. Although many have followed in their wake, to the publishers of the *Parlour Library* the credit is due of having introduced the plan of giving the works of good novelists at the price paid for borrowing them from a circulating library.

The Peer's Daughters. A Novel. By LADY BULWER LYTTON, author of "Cheveley." In 3 vols. London: Newby.

A wild and extravagant romance, strangely conceived, still more strangely executed, but withal displaying passages of uncommon power. It is impossible to approve it as a whole: many of the scenes would be censured from whatever pen proceeding, but as the productions of a lady they are positively painful. It is said that such things are sometimes written by females in France, though we never chanced, in our wanderings among the romances of Paris, to stumble on their like; but undoubtedly an English woman has not yet appeared as the avowed painter of pictures, and utterer of sentiments, such as are to be found in portions of this extraordinary romance. Yet Lady Lytton can be both poetical and pathetic, when she pleases; here and there the woman's heart peeps out, as in this confession of the dying child of Madame de Pompadour.

"Do you know, Mon Pere," said the child, "I have had another such beautiful dream? I have been in heaven. Oh! but *really* in heaven! I thought I saw the sun as it is, without the mist, or mystery it wears to us; and when I knelt down to pray to it (it was so very beautiful!) a voice said, 'it is indeed beautiful, for it is the eye of God, but it is *not* God, so do not pray to it, but go on; so I went on, on, on, cleaving as I went through such a soft resistance of light and heat, that I seemed to grow bright too, and expand with it; when presently I heard a great rushing as of angels' wings, but so loud and clear, that it seemed as if all space was filled with it, and the sound was music, but such music as I had never heard before. And the same voice said 'THIS IS HEAVEN, GOD IS HERE.' I trembled very much, but *not* with fear, for though I looked round everywhere I could not see God; and I thought the angels veiled their faces with the clouds because they *could*. I knew that, though I could not see God, He could see me, and I felt that I *must* pray, or that I could not stay in heaven; but *how*, I thought, could my prayer be heard, through all the loud rushing sound of music made by the harmonious wings of the great host of heaven! The same voice again said *pray*, and I knelt down aloof from all the rest; for my prayer was for you, mother; and I wanted none but God to hear it; and though I did not pray above the beating of my own heart, suddenly the great rushing of the angels' wings died away like the echoes of distant music, and the only sounds I heard distinct and clear were those of my own low prayer, which, like to the lengthened cadences of a flute, made the silver vapours vibrate, which contained God's invisible throne; and when I had done praying, an awful silence, like a great shadow, fell on heaven, and I trembled exceedingly, for I thought that God was angry at what I had asked. But as I hid my face for fear, the music and the light returned, and when I raised my head, the same voice said 'Child, since it is for thy mother thou dost pray, address thy prayer to GOD THE SON; for, when on earth, He saw that women's sins were light compared with those of men, and ever punished below by such deep sorrow, that He pitied them on earth, and does so still in heaven.' Oh! then I prayed again, saying, 'Blessed Lord! if, indeed, the sins of the parents be visited upon the children, let my mother's be visited on me and forgiven her!' When I had uttered this prayer, I felt a hand laid upon my head, and some of the light that was round me seemed to steal into and lift up my heart, as a voice, but not the same voice as before, but one glorious yet soft like some all radiant star, flitting athwart the violet twilight of a summer's night, said, 'Leave thy prayer with ME, and I will account with thee for it when thou comest into my kingdom!' There now, mother, dear mother, do not cry, for I feel sure whatever my sins are, whatever yours are, God will forgive them, even though, perhaps, yours may be more than mine, as you are older than me."

The mother's only reply was a fresh burst of tears. Grandier and Saint Germain looked at each other; and the latter fixed his eyes again steadily upon Alexandre's face, around which a sort of halo of inspiration seemed still to play; and, although he did not address a single word to her, at the end of a few seconds she said, as if in answer to some question he had put to her,

"I should hope so; at all events I will try." And then turning to her mother, she added, "Dear mother, I have a favour to ask you, will you grant it?" "Will I grant it? ah! cruel child, to think there was anything in Paris, in the world, that I could refuse you!"

But these are few and far between: there is more in a different style, especially when, attempting portrait painting, she endeavours to give expression to the intensity of hatred with which she seems towards at least one of the other sex whom the laws of God and man alike command her to love, honour, and obey.

The substratum of the plot is based upon the fable of the Elixir Vitæ. The Peer's daughters are the heroines; one of them is associated with the renowned Count de Saint Germain, the reputed alchemist and necromancer; the other has married Vernon Howard, the demon of the tale, in whom the authoress has sought to libel the object of her life's vengeance. A portion of the story passes at the Court of Louis XV., and affords an opportunity for introducing all the wits and philosophers of the time, whose characters are sustained with considerable ability and no small dramatic power. The scene is then transferred to London, and the eminent persons of that metropolis are brought upon the stage in their turns. If this were all, we should have had only the pleasant task of praise; but the duty devolves upon us, of condemning severely the various other scenes of profligacy which are added, with a manifest relish for the depicting of them, and the unbridled love for horrors that has presided over the catastrophe. The taste for excitements such as these is a noxious one; it has wrought infinite mischief in France, and it might be as injurious here, if encouraged. Such books, like the narratives of murders and executions in the newspapers, may *sell*, but it is the duty of authors, who should guide the taste of their countrymen, not to pander to their vicious inclinations, and of the critics never to see an attempt made to do so without reproving the writer who has no higher object in the use of his pen than to turn a penny. That the *Peer's Daughters* will be read through, even by those who must disapprove its tendencies, for the ability and imagination, will though it be, that pervades it, is an addition to its offences against society.

We subjoin one passage, on that which is certainly Lady Lytton's monomania.

MATCH-MAKING IN ENGLAND.

Depend upon it, the only *willing* slaves in the world are to be found in the English slave bazaar of marriageable young ladies.

"Ah, well, you will at least allow, that English wives are better treated and have more liberty than the wives of any other country," said Taaf, this time pulling his left ear, as his right had done so little for him in the way of argument.

"Those are precisely the two things which I *cannot* allow; for it is impossible (beyond the exceptions which prove every rule), that wives should be well treated, in a country where there is not a single law to protect them against ill-treatment, and where every brutality and every immorality are allowed to men by the laws of the land, and the laws of society; and where also everything like superiority is scoffed at and ridiculed in women, because men require neither friends nor companions in their wives, but only fortune, or an in-door slave, and therefore look upon anything like mental development in woman as a sort of intellectual poaching upon their especial property, which ought to be visited with the utmost rigour of the law of opinion, namely, ridicule and persecution. And as for their liberty, it is marvellously like that granted to her faithful Commons by Queen Elizabeth when Sir Edward Coke, in his capacity of "Speaker," sought protection from the crown, in the name of the Parliament, against imprisonment for liberty of speech and access to her person. She answered him through Pickering, the Keeper of the Seal, that "she granted them liberty of speech, but not that liberty which permits every one to say what he pleases, but limits it to *yes* and *no*." In like manner English wives may reply, when their husbands condescend to address them; but as it is not thought fit that they should have any

opinions of their own, still less are they permitted to express them. At all times it has been much the same with us as with all other countries, that is, with a profligate court, we have had open and unrestrained national immorality, and with a moral court, our hypocrisy has increased, without our immorality decreasing. Harry the Eighth legalised his adulteries by marriage, and abolished the sin of polygamy by murder. And this moral code, allowing for the difference of sex, had by no means degenerated in his daughters. Mary, notwithstanding her sanguinary sobriquet, I am rather inclined to think was the best, at least the most womanly of the two; and if more of a bigot, decidedly less of a hypocrite, than Elizabeth, who, in the same haughty spirit with which she sent no less a personage than my Lord Bacon down to the Commons to tell them that she *forbade* them to interfere in state affairs, and this, apropos of her marriage with Philip of Spain, acted as if she also defied God, and forbade man to interfere in her royal code of morals; and with as much right as her father had styled himself King of France, usurped the title of the "Virgin Queen."

POETRY.

Original Ballads, by Living Authors. 1850. Edited by the Rev. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A., Cantab. London: Masters.

If any doubt were entertained whether the admiration for the ballad, so generally expressed, was a part of that prevailing mania which values things in proportion to their antiquity, rather than according to their intrinsic worth, it must have been dispelled by the perusal of *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*. There was displayed all the power of which that form of composition is capable, and it was manifest that for picturesque narrative the Ballad took precedence over every form of verse. But suspicion of the genuineness of the popular enthusiasm for ballads was permissible, when it was remembered how few of those who were most rapturous in praise of them were ever seen to read them: that a book of ballads did not pay the cost of publication—that an edition of *Percy's Reliques*, the great boast and pride of the ballad-lovers, was scarcely disposed of in a generation, and that of the modern imitators not a dozen successful specimens could be adduced.

The rarity of good ballads, in comparison with other forms of poetry, must result from some peculiar difficulties attendant upon their composition, and which lie far below the surface. Apparently, no exercise in verse could be more easy. The metre is singularly facile; there is the least possible restraint of rhyme; refinements of phrase are not demanded; the simplest forms of expression, those which most naturally occur, are not only permissible, but the most proper. What is that lurking difficulty?

The ballad is a metrical narrative. True; but it is something more than this, or a police report put into verse would be a ballad. What, then, is that something more? Is it not that the tale must be told poetically, in language, in sentiment, and in colouring? But this is not all, for these are characteristics of true poetry of every kind; ballad poetry must superadd other qualities.

Critics have been much perplexed to divine these. We cannot hope to be more successful than our predecessors, but as every hint is a contribution to the sum of knowledge, and may conduct to a discovery, though in itself it be not one, we venture in our turn to hazard a surmise. May not this hidden characteristic of the ballad, which distinguishes it from other forms of poetry, lie in its *oratorical* construction. The ballad is supposed to be *recited* or *sung*—not *studied*, like a philosophical poem, nor *mused* over, like a sentimental sonnet, nor laboriously perused, like an epic. It is a tale told by a poet to a sympathizing audience, in which he employs his art for the purpose of embellishment, and not for the purpose of creation. Consequently it must be instinct with the enthusiasm of oratory, its eloquence, its rapidity, its graphic portraiture, its word painting. There must be the simplicity of structure in the story and in the composition which is essential to oratory; the language must be as nearly as possible the vernacular, as most readily intelligible to an audience, and the appeal must be made to their imaginations, their feelings, and their passions, and not to their reason or reflection. Abstractions should be sedulously avoided, and the ideal rarely employed.

It was with great interest and curiosity that we opened a handsomely bound volume, professing to be a collection of original ballads by living authors, hoping to find among them some evidences that the spirit of the ballad, rekindled by MACAULAY, had been spread among us, and that the *Lays of Rome* would at length find, we will not say a rival, but a worthy companion. We have been disappointed. Upwards of 250 pages of ballads are here assembled, the productions chiefly of clerical pens, treating a variety of topics, but none of them, we fear, calculated to inspire even hope.

The best of the contributors is Mr. E. A. FREEMAN, who has described *The Triumph of Aristomanes*, *King Harold's Funeral*, *The Martyrdom of Abbot Whiting*, *The Death of Lord Brooke*, and some others. He has considerable energy, and a great fluency of words, but still there is the something wanting; the ballad spirit is not there—it is ingenious imitation, but not original inspiration. The Rev. R. W. HUNTLEY has contributed three or four, but they are not equal to Mr. FREEMAN'S. The greater portion are anonymous, and, as usual, are decidedly inferior.

But it must be understood that in this estimate we are trying the volume before us by the severest test; we are inquiring if it be worthy to take its place among the permanent literature of England, as a proud specimen of the ballad poetry of the nineteenth century. This it certainly is not. But as an elegant Christmas book, full of pleasing little poems, by writers of taste and elegance, on themes taken from history, beautifully printed and embellished with numerous woodcuts of great merit, it is entitled to a share of the public patronage at this season given to works which commend themselves to the eye, and will not be unacceptable to the reader who is not as critical as our profession compels us to be.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Sketches of Reform and Reformers of Great Britain and Ireland. By HENRY B. STANTON. New York: Wiley.

AN American's opinions and portraits of English politicians and politics are interesting, as are always those of a person who looks at us, as it were, from a point of view without our own circle, and therefore free from the atmosphere of prejudice and partiality with which the actors in events are inevitably encompassed.

Mr. STANTON'S history of Reform and the Reformers of England, is, upon the whole, a fair and impartial one. He has better understood the English character than his countrymen, perhaps because he lived among us for some years. The work was written, we are informed, for the columns of a newspaper, and hence, probably, the penny-a-liner style in which much of it is composed. A passage or two will suffice to introduce to our readers this stranger from the other side of the Atlantic.

The following is a description of the conflicts between pro-slavery BORTHWICK and anti-slavery THOMPSON,—with somewhat of the Yankee magniloquence in the manner, but graphic withal.

This was the very stimulus needed to bring out all the powers of Thompson, for Borthwick was an able, ardent, and accomplished advocate. They measured swords on many a field, in the presence of thousands, their encounters often extending through several successive evenings. Most unflinchingly and right gallantly did Borthwick bear himself in these conflicts. He was a foeman worthy of the glittering blade of his antagonist, and many a time did he feel its piercing point and scorching edge. But the advocate of slavery was not an equal match for the champion of freedom; and he could hardly have been had their relative positions been reversed. As it was, he was invariably overthrown. Thompson shook him from the point of his weapon, quivering and bleeding, at every crossing of swords. Many of Mr. Thompson's speeches were reported. They are crowded with passages of

power and beauty. Master of the facts of his case; skilled in its logic; expert in the arts of attack and defence; apt in quotations and allusions; fertile in illustrations; singularly perfect in the command of language, still his *forte* lay in the power of his appeals to the humanity, the sense of justice, the hatred of oppression, the innate love of liberty, of his hearers. When rapt with his theme, his frame throbbing with emotion, the perspiration dripping from his forehead and hands, his voice pealing like a trumpet, his action as graceful and impetuous as that of a blood-horse on the course, the hearer who for the moment could stifle the sentiment that slavery was the most atrocious system under heaven, might be trusted to sleep quietly on his knapsack in the breach when it spouted a torrent of fire.

In better taste is the sketch of the veteran father of Reform.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

Mr. Cartwright was born in 1740. He entered the navy as a midshipman, saw a great deal of hard fighting, reached the post of first lieutenant, became distinguished for his science and skill in the service, and at the age of thirty-four abandoned the seas and turned his mind to politics. In 1774, he published "Letters on American Independence," addressed to the House of Commons, in which he took radical ground in favour of the rights of the colonies. "It is a capital error," says he, "in the reasonings of most writers on this subject (the rights of man), that they consider the liberty of mankind in the same light as an estate or chattel, and go about to approve or disapprove the right to it, by grants, usage, or municipal statutes. It is not among mouldy parchments that we are to look for it; it is the immediate gift of God; it is not derived from any one, but it is original in every one." Here we have the pioneer idea of our own Declaration of Independence, uttered by an unknown Englishman two years before that immortal paper saw the light. In 1776, an event occurred which put Major Cartwright's principles (he had been appointed major in the Nottinghamshire militia) to a severe test. He was always proud of the navy, and ambitious of promotion in the service. Lord Howe, who had witnessed his courage and skill, having taken command of the fleet to act against the American colonies, urged Cartwright to take a captaincy of a line-of-battle-ship. He was then passing his addresses to a lady of high family, whose friends would consent to her accepting his hand if he would accede to the proposal of Lord Howe. He declined, thereby losing the favour both of Mars and Hymen. This led to an acquaintance with the gallant Lord Effingham, an officer of the army, who proved himself a genuine nobleman by resigning his commission rather than act against "the rebels."

Cartwright now (1776) commenced the work to which he devoted the remaining years of his laborious and useful life—parliamentary reform. At the outset, he took the ground now occupied by the Chartists. In his first two pamphlets—and they were the earliest English productions on reform in the House of Commons—he maintained that equal representation, universal suffrage, and annual elections, were rights inherent in the body of the people. His system closely resembled that engrafted upon the United States constitution twelve years later. This shows him a man of rare sagacity for the times, far in advance of his contemporaries, and not a whit behind the most radical American patriots. The next year he presented an address to the king, urging peace with his colonies, and a union with them on the basis of independent states. He organized, the same year, England's first association for promoting parliamentary reform, called the "Society for Political Inquiry." Soon after, Cartwright stood twice for parliament, but was unsuccessful, partly on account of his radical principles, and partly because he would not stoop to any form of bribery, not even "treating," declaring that he would not spend a single shilling to influence the electors.

He continued to agitate for reform, by pamphlets, speeches, and correspondence, till, in 1781, he organized the celebrated "Society for Constitutional Information," which enrolled many of the first names in the kingdom, and to which Tooke belonged when tried for treason in 1794. Cartwright wrote the first address of the Society. It received the high encomiums of Sir William Jones, who said it ought to be engraven upon gold.

We pass over the intermediate period as too long for our restricted space, and come at once to the closing scenes of his career. He was now seventy-four years old, yet he could not abandon the field on which he had fought so long and bravely the battles of humanity and liberty.

In 1814, he addressed a series of letters to Clarkson on the slave trade—he having taken an active part in the contest for its abolition—in which he argued that it should be punished as piracy, a doctrine which he was the first to broach. He also wrote against bribery at elections, and in favour of voting by ballot, being the first English advocate of that measure. A year or two after this, a mercenary widow of one of his old Scotch correspondents wrote to him that the government had offered her a large sum if she would give up his letters—adding significantly, that the circumstances of her family were such that she thought she should comply with the offer. He extinguished her hopes of extorting money from him by informing her that "it gave him great satisfaction to find that any of his letters were esteemed so valuable, and begged her to make the best bargain she could of their contents." In 1816, the great number and imposing character of the demonstrations in favour of parliamentary reform alarmed the government. Canning, in the House of Commons, denounced Cartwright as "that old heart in London, from which the veins of sedition in the country are supplied." The kingdom was in a flame—the *habeas corpus* act was suspended—and the "Six Acts" aimed at the Irish Catholic Associations, and the English reform meetings, were adopted. Cobbett, the editor of the *Register*, fled to America. Others left their ears on the pillory at home, or carried them at the request of the government to Botany Bay. Cartwright, who never flinched from friend or foe, stood his ground, and contrived new modes to keep up the agitation, evading the recent law against "tumultuous petitioning," by getting up petitions of twenties, and in various ways avoiding the prohibitions of the "Six Acts."

So far he had kept out of the fangs of the law, excepting in the affair of searching his person. But the Attorney-General had his eye upon him. In 1819, he participated in the famous Birmingham proceedings, which resulted in the appointment, on his suggestion, of a "legislatorial attorney" for the town, who was to present a letter to the speaker of the Commons, as its representative. This measure of "sending a petition in the form of a living man, instead of one on parchment," as he called it, precipitated the long-expected crisis. He was indicted for conspiracy and sedition, in Warwickshire. So soon as he heard of it, he set off by post to meet the charge, travelling one hundred miles in a single day, though then bowed down with the weight of fourscore years. Putting in bail, he returned to London, and resumed his work. Soon after, he presided at a reform meeting, drew up a petition, couched in the most energetic terms, signed it, sent it to the Commons, and then set about exposing the attempts of the crown officers to pack the jury which was to try him. The trial took place in August, 1820. He called no witnesses; addressed the jury mainly in defence of his principles; was convicted; was not called up for sentence till the next May; when the judge, after eulogising his general character, condemned him to pay a fine of 100*l.*, and stand committed till it was paid. He immediately pulled out a canvass bag, counted down the money in gold, slyly remarking to the sheriff that they were all "good sovereigns."

When the heroic struggles of Greece, South America, and Mexico resounded through Europe, they had no more attentive listener than Major Cartwright. Seizing his never-idle pen, he wrote "Hints to the Greeks"—a letter to the president of the Greek Congress—and another to the Greek deputies. About the same time, he opened his doors to two of the liberal leaders in the Spanish revolution, who had sought refuge in England. His sun was now declining. He had attended his last reform meeting in 1823; he wrote his last political pamphlet in 1824. In July of this year, he received a letter from Mr. Jefferson, who said, "Your age of eighty-four and mine of eighty-one years, insure us a speedy meeting; we may then commune at leisure on the good and evil which, in the course of our long lives, we have both witnessed." He had taken

a deep interest in the Mexican struggles for liberty, and frequently conferred with General Michelena, its envoy then in London, upon its affairs. On the 21st of September, 1824, the General sent to inform him that the scheme of Iturbide had failed, and that the liberty of Mexico might be considered as established. Two days afterwards, "the father of parliamentary reform" died, retaining his faculties and his fervent love of freedom to the last. He cheerfully resigned himself into the hands of his maker, exclaiming, "God's will be done."

RELIGION.

Apocalyptic Sketches: or, Lectures on the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 4th Thousand. London: A. Hall and Co. 1850.

THESE lectures combine learning with piety. They are stated in the preface to contain a practical view "of the precious epistles addressed by Jesus the High Priest, who walks amid the golden candlesticks, to the Seven Churches of Asia. In these, as in all the Epistles of the New Testament, the local is made the pedestal on which shines afar the brightness of Catholic Christianity. The special CHRIST is addressed as the representative of the whole Church." This design is carried out in thirty-five lectures, full of eloquence and profoundly argumentative. The volume is handsomely bound, and illustrated with engravings of the sites of the Seven Churches.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Juvenile Calendar and Zodiac of Flowers. By Mrs. T. K. HERVEY. London: A. Hall and Co. 1850.

This elegant New Year's Gift will be a most delightful present to an intelligent child. It is intended to implant an early taste for the observation of nature, by familiar descriptions, in language easily intelligible, of the flowers, birds and insects which are to be found in each successive month of the year, thus giving to every season a special interest, by the curiosity which it will both excite and gratify; and these are introduced in the pleasing form of stories. The volume is bound in gift-book fashion, in scarlet and gold; its leaves are gilded, and every month has its appropriate illustration, engraved after sketches from the inimitable pencil of DOYLE.

Truth is Everything; a Tale for Young Persons. By Mrs. THOMAS GELDART, author of "Nursery Guide," &c. London: A. Hall and Co.

AN interesting tale, inculcating by example, that best of teachers, the duty of a strict observance of truth in everything and at all times.

Easy and Practical Introduction to the French Language. By J. HAAS. London: Darton and Co.

THIS is really an easy introduction to French. It adopts the principle of OLLENDORF, and begins with short sentences, comprising variations upon two or three words, and then gradually adding others, until the sentences become complicated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Flies in Amber. By Miss PARDOE, authoress of "The Pretty Woman;" "The Rival Beauties," &c. In 3 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

THE title of a book used to indicate its subject; it was a condensed description of the contents. It is not so now-a-days. Titles now appear to be selected with an express design to conceal the subject. The less meaning there is in them, the more they are approved. The supposition is, that the book-buying and book-borrowing world will be curious to solve the mystery; that it will be made the topic for talk in drawing-rooms, and that, for the sake of removing doubt, the volumes will be sent for. There is some worldly wisdom in this speculation, and the adoption of it by experi-

enced authors is the best proof that it has been found successful in practice.

"What can be the meaning of '*Flies in Amber*?' " exclaims every reader of the advertisement of Miss PARDOE's last work. They would never guess. Even when told that it is a collection of her minor compositions, tales, essays, passages from tours, the gleanings of her contributions to the periodicals and of the unpublished contents of her writing-desk, they will probably fail to understand what these have to do with *Flies in Amber*. We should not have succeeded in making the discovery, but for an explanation volunteered in the preface.

It appears, then, from this, that some long time ago Miss PARDOE stumbled, in one of GALT's books, upon a phrase which, to our ears, is as unmeaning as it is un-English, to wit, "amber immortalization." The idea, however, appears to have struck the lady as being "both pretty and poetical;" and so she says, "rejecting the less pleasant theories of naturalists as to the origin of the perfumed gum known by that name, I have adopted the belief of the orientals, who describe it as the detached portions of an odorous marine weed, which, in their gradual ascent to the surface of the sea, become transformed into a light, gelatinous substance, still retaining alike its colour and its perfume, and which, when ultimately flung on shore, attracts about it all the winged insects within the influence of its sweet savour. The flies, in alighting upon the transparent temptation, cause the frail bubbles produced by the action of the atmosphere upon the amber, to give way beneath them, and they find a prison where they had only sought a resting place; but a prison which ensures to them a posthumous existence and a factitious value."

Even with this poetical explanation, we must confess ourselves still unable to recognize the completeness of its application to a collection of papers which have not sought a resting-place and found a prison, but, on the contrary, having found a resting place in divers periodicals, have been transferred to their present permanent prison.

However this may be, and by whatever fanciful name it may please Miss PARDOE to designate her work, its intrinsic merits cannot thereby be affected either for better or worse. As a subject for criticism, it cannot, of course, be entertained, nor, as such, can it be offered by the authoress. It aims at no higher purpose than to amuse an idle hour, possessing, as it does, the great advantage of variety, and demanding no continuous attention. It may be taken up at any time, and for any required period of leisure, and something might be found adapted to the mood of the moment, be it grave or gay. Hence, it is more of a drawing-room book, and will have a longer life, than a mere novel, which, when read, is thrown aside and forgotten. There is much of permanent value in these *Flies in Amber*.

A short account of the contents of a single volume will best show the reader the nature of the papers which Miss PARDOE has collected. First, we have an extremely amusing tale called "The Smiths;" then an exciting narrative of an "Adventure in Bythia," a reminiscence of Miss PARDOE's travels; next a tale entitled "The Bivouac," and another, exquisitely told, called "The Valley of Abourna." "Purchasing a Property" is a production of considerable humour. The affecting story of "The Merchant's Daughter" was suggested by an advertisement which appeared in *The Times* of an estate for sale.

"The Chamber of the Bell," is a German legend, told in very German fashion, and "The Smuggler's Bride" is a short narrative which we remember to have seen in one of the annuals.

If a single volume can yield so much, the reader may understand what is to be enjoyed in three. The others do not disappoint the promise of this one.

It is not a book to be exhibited by extracts, but we cannot refrain from taking a single passage from "The Smiths," to show the humour of the design. It is a description of

THE THREE SMITHS.

At home they were called Tom, Dick, and Harry; but by all their acquaintance they were known as Goldsmith, Silversmith, and Blacksmith. Goldsmith, the elder, had red hair, red eye-brows, and red whiskers, pink cheeks, large hands, and a small waist; he did not speak Italian, but he sang it; had a smattering of French, played on the cornet-a-piston, and talked sentiment. He was a clerk in a public office, and was always careful to impress upon strangers that he "held a place under government." Silversmith, the second brother, had white hair, white eye-lashes, white hands, a voice like a cracked flute, very little coat-collar, and a vast deal of visible linen. He was a small critic, a small poet, a small virtuoso, and a very small dandy; lisped solemn judgment on music and musicians, and wrote articles for a cheap periodical. He was also under government—in the Post-office.

Selections from the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, and Freeholder, with a Preliminary Essay by Mrs. BARBAULD. In 2 vols. A new Edition. London: Moxon. 1849.

IT was not long since, that in a family circle, where reading aloud is one of the regular evening recreations, the discussion turned upon the present abundance of books and the comparatively small cost at which the library can be furnished with the noblest works bequeathed to us by the intellect of past ages. It was remarked, as strange, that nobody had yet thought of gathering together the Beauties of the British Essayists. It is troublesome to hunt over the pages of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, and their fellows, for such portions as are of permanent interest; to purchase them entire is not only a needless expense, but a useless occupation of shelves, which ought to be better filled. All agreed that a selection made with taste would be popular, and we were half persuaded to undertake the task. We had even commenced to read again the *Spectator* with that purpose, when our eye fell upon Mr. Moxon's advertisement of a publication that precisely accomplished the desired object. Having waited to see how it should be performed, we have no hesitation now in abandoning our own purpose, it being entirely fulfilled by the two volumes upon our table, which contain all the most permanently valuable papers found in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian* and *Freeholder* (the works to which ADDISON was a contributor), selected with excellent taste, beautifully printed in a clear, bold, readable type, and of a size which enables the reader, without weariness, to hold it in his hand, as he lolls in his chair by the fireside. Not a family in the United Kingdom should be without these delightful volumes, whose contents never tire, however often perused, and from which the finest lessons, moral and social, are to be gathered by young and old.

Who's Who in 1850. London: Bailey.

UNDER this quaint title we find a little volume which contains alphabetical lists of all the Notabilities of this country: the Ministry; the Peerage; the Commons; the Law Officers; the British and Foreign Ministers; the Governors of our Possessions abroad; the Baronets; Knights Companions of the Bath; General Officers; Admirals; Military and Naval Knights of Windsor; Queen's Counsel; Serjeants-at-Law; the Queen's Chaplains; Directors of the Bank of England and of the East India Company; the Chairman, Secretaries, &c., of the Assurance Offices; the Clubs of London, and Tables of Precedency, &c. &c. It is a useful book for reference.

Junius: including Letters by the same Writer under other Signatures. By JOHN WADE. Vol. I. London: Bohn. 1850.

THIS last addition to Bohn's *Standard Library* promises to be one of the most valuable of the series, and it is to be the most complete edition of the works of JUNIUS with which the world has yet been supplied. It contains the entire work, as originally published, the letters of the same writer under other signatures, his confidential correspondence with Mr. WILKES and his private letters to Mr. H. S. WOODFALL, together with new evidence as to the authorship and an analysis by the late Sir HARRIS NICOLAS. A specimen of the handwriting of JUNIUS, in a *fac simile* of a letter to GARRICK, is prefixed. His writing is bold and distinct, but obviously disguised. It is that of a person habitually writing a running hand, and then, for the purpose of concealment, inclining it the other way. This is the usual manner of disguise, and perhaps the most effective, for it produces a resemblance to the lawyer-like hand, which is not particular, but general,—the writing of a class and not of an individual.

The Illustrated Year Book of Wonders, Events, and Discoveries. Edited by a Popular Writer. London: A. Hall & Co.

THE design of this volume is new and attractive: it seeks to group a series of picturesque narratives of some of the most interesting events of the year just closed. In doing this, the Editor has not only given the *phases* of the subject which the year presented, but also such of the preceding circumstances as were required to make the doings during the period in question properly intelligible. Thus, the chapter on the Franklin Expedition includes chronological notices of the several voyages which have from time to time been undertaken to solve the problem of the North-West Passage. The narratives are illustrated with engravings, and the variety and interest of the topics here treated of, will appear from a short enumeration of the most important chapters which the year 1849 has produced: viz., the Gold of California; Ragged Schools; the Britannia Tubular Bridge; a Coal Mine on Fire; the Franklin Expedition; Conquest of the Punjab; the Nineveh Sculptures; the French Expedition to Rome, &c.

Cock's Musical Almanac for 1850.

THIS Almanac contains all the information relating to music and musicians likely to be useful for reference, in addition to the usual contents of an Almanac. The list of Musical Societies and their Officers is very complete.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review, for January, contains a very valuable practical essay on "Epidemics." Our late visitation is closely examined in many of its aspects, and there is a general history of the various plagues to which Europe has been subjected. Much original information is conveyed, and altogether the paper is the most valuable that has been published relating to this subject. "Woman's Mission" is too mystical for the majority of the readers of even a Quarterly. Nevertheless its aim is excellent, and its talent great. The writer pleads for the necessity of affording woman a better physical and intellectual education than that now given to her. He would place her in her true position, and make her a helpmate to man, rather than a drag upon his energies—a thing not so much of heated saloons, but having the innocence and the strength for natural enjoyment which nature intended her. We may remark, *en passant*, that the social and moral elevation of woman is becoming a favourite topic of discussion with all classes of reformers. "Religious Faith and Modern Scepticism" is a review of the recent changes of opinion in the church, and rejoices that the religion of action is being extensively substituted for the mere profession of godliness. "Railway Progress" points out and condemns the many errors that railway managers have committed, and still persist in. The author is a man whose opinion is worth having, and he believes that "well-paid managers, with brains in their heads; practical acquaintance with the subject; and an interest rising with successes in management, are the solu-

tion of the railway difficulty. We are still hopeful of railways, even for shareholders. Rightly viewed, they are the *first roads of building property*, and past waste may yet be merged in future profits." "The Caxtons;" "The Law of Bankruptcy;" "The Session of 1849;" "African Coast Blockade;" and a host of shorter papers, are also to be found in the number.

The Anglo-Saxon, No. 5, for January. The articles are full of good *intention*, but have little depth. The aim is better than the capacity to carry it through. The articles seem as if they were written for small understandings, and therefore in the most familiar form, and with the greatest possible amount of small words. "Anglo-Saxon Footsteps in the Indian Archipelago and Western Africa," suggests by its title what it contains—a tracing of the progress of the Anglo-Saxon in the Eastern Archipelago. "The late Commemoration" affords occasion for two illustrations—one of "A Design for the Alfred Memorial," and another of Blackley's picture of "Alfred the Great dividing his Loaf with the Beggar." "The Law of Liberty" is more rhapsodical than practical, and we do not understand its drift. "Bede and Cedman" is much more comprehensible, being the first of a series of "Sketches of Anglo-Saxon Literature." "Antiquities of America;" "Boys and Girls;" and "Civilization," are all readable essays, and there is a careful review of "Shirley" and "The Caxtons." We would suggest to the editor that the constant talk of the Anglo-Saxon, and of "the thousandth year since good King Alfred," is exceedingly tiresome. So often repeated it makes his essays seem more barren of thought than they really are.

The Dublin University Magazine, for January, begins the year with much spirit. "Irish Tourists" is an examination of the ancient writings of Giraldus Cambrensis. "Romance of the Peerage" is a proof that what Mr. Burke has so nick-named, is really a very startling body of facts. "The Portrait Gallery" is devoted to John Hogan, and beside the continuation of "Irish Popular Superstitions," some good fiction and several political papers are given.

The Eclectic Review, for January.—Ill health has compelled Dr. PRICE to resign the Editorship. His successor, he assures us, is fully competent to sustain the reputation of this talented organ of the Dissenters: and, indeed, the first number under the new management proves the assertion. If there be a change, it is that the contents are more varied; this being ensured by giving many and briefer articles. The titles of some of the contents are "Protestant Nonconformity;" "Southey," "Biblical Criticism;" "The Punishment of Death;" "England and Hungary;" "Miall on the British Churches;" "Freehold Land Movement," &c.

The Journal of Sacred Literature, edited by Dr. JOHN KITTO, No. 9, for January, commences its new volume with a strong reinforcement of learning and ability. The articles are more various than usual. The first is a remarkable paper entitled "Aotear," which is the name of an ancient Bedouin romance, whence some very curious illustrations of Scripture are derived. It is the most valuable contribution to Bible literature which has been made for many years. Tischendorf's Greek Testament is examined by a learned critic; another attempts the restoration of the chronology of Josephus: a third treats of the original language of St. Mathew's Gospel; and a fourth of the tenses of the Hebrew Verb. The papers of a more general interest are, "Notes on the Mosaic Account of the Creation," an "Introduction to the Book of Joshua," and an historical monograph, entitled "Theobald Thamer."

Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy, and of Physical and Political Geography, Part 25, completes a work which we have had repeated occasion, during its periodical issue, to notice with the warmest approval as, beyond measure, the most useful Atlas for the school and the library which has ever appeared in England. This part embraces a Map of the countries of the Nile, the title-pages and indexes.

The Theologian and Ecclesiastic, for January, is a periodical devoted to the religious and literary views of one of the sects into which the Church is now unhappily divided. It is ably conducted, and contains some powerful articles in defence of the creed it espouses. At this time the paper on Baptismal Regeneration will be read with peculiar interest.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, for January, is evidently an official mouthpiece on the exciting subject of the

Suffrage. The author of "Hints on the Franchise," suggests that the suffrage be extended to all renters to the amount of five pounds annually. Coming contemporaneously with the rumours of ministerial intentions, this "hint" may be almost said to form a programme. *Tait* has several original contributions of much worth, such as that on "Dr. Chalmers," "The Winter Pictures from the North of Europe," and some clever tales and sketches by the St. Johns.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for January, has several good articles. Among the most carefully written are "John Howard and the Prison World of Europe;" and the "Carpenters of London;" the latter is really a novelty in revelation. Even more care than usual is observed in selecting appropriate illustrations; and the editor promises considerable improvements in the magazine. Under the head of Necrology we have extracted a very appropriate obituary notice of the late Dr. W. COOKE TAYLOR.

Sharpe's London Journal, for January.—The engravings are "The Dead Soldier," and "The Court of the Lions;" and we fancy we observe some improvement in the execution as compared to others in previous numbers. There are articles on "Goldsmith's Biographers," and "The Inns of Court," and a dozen other topics, and several tales.

The People's and Howitt's Journal, for January, contains five engravings, and upwards of thirty original contributions.

The Public Good, No. 1, is a twopenny journal, intended, by means of short essays, to aid in the spread of knowledge, and the struggle for improved political institutions. So we understand it; but we have not been able to read the forty pages of closely-printed matter which it contains.

The Looker-On, is a penny monthly literary journal, and the papers are neatly written.

The Churchman's Companion, for January, contains many articles suitable to the aim of the journal; and to *The Scottish Magazine* and *Churchman's Review* the same remark is applicable.

Frank Fairleigh, part 13.

Con Cregan (Nos. 13 and 14) has at length ended adventures which have at length been well related.

The British Gazetteer (part 9) contains from "Childerscale" to "Conishalm." In addition to the maps there is a timely sketch of "The Menai Suspension Bridge, with the Britannia Tubular Bridge in the Distance."

Of Mr. Knight's publications we have not space to remark at length. They are all progressing without the slightest relaxation of spirit. They are, *The Land we Live In*, Part 29; *The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, Part 11; *The National Cyclopaedia*, Part 36; *The National Library of Select Literature*, Part 12.

Messrs. Orr have sent us *The Works of Shakspeare*, Parts 34 and 35; *Paxton's Magazine of Gardening and Botany*, for January; *The Cottage Garden*, for December.

Family Herald, for December.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac contains the usual mass of matter, useful to business men.

The Post Magazine Almanac is remarkable for its cheapness and variety of information.

ART.

The Art Journal, for January. The new year, commencing a new volume, affords an opportunity for persons who have not yet availed themselves of the inexpensive means afforded by the Art Journal for keeping up an acquaintance with the progress of art at home and abroad, and at the same time possessing a series of engravings from the best pictures of modern artists, each one of which, ten years ago, would have been eagerly bought at a guinea. The present number contains two from the Vernon Gallery, namely, F. Goodall's "Village Festival," and Herring's well known picture, "The Scanty Meal." There is also a large steel engraving of Mac Dowell's statuary group, "The Triumph of Love," so admirably executed that it is difficult for the mind to convince the eye that it is a flat surface it is viewing. Numerous wood-cuts illustrate the text, which treats in a variety of papers of "The Progress of British Art;" of "Mural Painting in England;" of "Art

Manufactures in the Classical Epochs;" there is a paper contributed by Dr. E. Braun, on "Copyright of Designs." "A Dictionary of Terms of Art," profusely illustrated; "Pilgrimages to the English Shrines," from the graceful pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall; an essay by Mr. Rogers on "Free Notions of Style," and many others equally interesting. We take two or three passages from different articles which have an independent value:—

ENGLISH FRESCOES.

Mural paintings of historical subjects were executed in this country at least as early as the reign of Henry III.; they were employed in the decoration both of churches and of royal palaces. The paintings hitherto discovered here, belonged, with very few exceptions, to ecclesiastical edifices, and there is reason to believe that the churches of Italy were scarcely more decorated with paintings than those England; at least, those of the southern and midland counties. Scarcely a month elapses but the necessary repairs of churches bring to light some of the old mural paintings, with which it appears that it was formerly the custom to decorate the whole of the interior, even of village churches. In point of execution these pictures are not deserving of high praise; they consist of little more than outlines,—and those not the most accurate,—drawn with a dark red earthy pigment; the draperies are sometimes relieved with yellow ochre, sometimes coloured with the same dark red pigment, and sometimes left white. But it must be remembered that these paintings occur in village churches, and there are no historical records to show that the villages to which they belong were ever of more importance than they are at the present time. Perhaps, if the Italian village churches of the fourteenth century (if any such exist), were stripped of their whitewash, they might exhibit paintings of no higher order than those which once covered the walls of our own village churches.

BRONZE.

Bronze appears to have been among the most ancient of the manufactures of mixed metals. The earliest coins, statuettes, warlike weapons, and agricultural tools, were of bronze. It has been stated that the ancients were ignorant of brass, but this is now known not to be the case, for we have examples of combinations of copper and zinc, although it is quite certain that neither the Greeks nor the Romans knew of the latter metal in its pure state: the oxide of zinc, tutia, or calamine earth, was known to them, and employed for making yellow metal; and much brass is still made by stratifying sheets of copper and calamine, and exposing them thus arranged to the heat of a furnace.

ELASTIC GROTESQUE FACES.

Thousands of these amusing toys (tens of thousands, perhaps), have been imported from Germany, and sold as gutta percha figures, but there is not a grain of gutta percha or of India rubber in them. They are casts in glue and treacle, the composition of which printing rollers are made, which is sluggishly elastic. Gutta percha is not elastic, and India rubber too elastic for the slow grave change of expression after a squeeze. These faces are readily soluble, and in warm water soon melt, which cannot be done with either gutta percha or India rubber; a touch of the tongue, where the added colour will not be removed to spoil the toy, will instantly betray its composition. Surely some of our ingenious modellers can, upon this hint, make them, and profitably too, at one-third of their present cost.

THE USES OF DECORATIVE ART.

Taste and utility are always identical in works of Greek handicraft, and it is on this account that we find men, who are exclusively devoted to Fine Art, occupied with the study of those monuments of old, which were originally considered as the offspring of the merely practical faculties of man. In modern times this intimate connexion between art and manufactures is almost entirely destroyed, or at least fatally disturbed. Those who interfere in matters of taste are generally ill looked upon both by artists and handicraftsmen. The latter entertain the prejudice, that to aim at beauty has a tendency to weaken what is called good and solid work, whilst artists consider such persons calculated to corrupt and degrade the highest and most noble faculties of the human mind. Dissimilarity of principles exercises a very dangerous influence not only upon distinct classes of society, but even upon whole nations; and, whilst it may be said of English manufacturers that they enter into a successful rivalry with the Greeks themselves, in every quality relating to practical utility, they have, on the other hand, systematically cast aside every trace of the ornamental character which has for many thousand years embellished this extensive department of Art. At first sight,

indeed, it appears consolatory to be relieved from all those senseless and useless accessories which luxury, since the sixteenth century, has lavished upon objects of everyday utility, no less than upon the splendid residences which are the peculiar prerogative of kings and noblemen. Experience has at last however shown, that so complete an abstraction of all decoration is repugnant to persons of refined taste, who are instinctively prompted to desire from objects designed for ordinary use, that same outward stamp impressed by the Almighty upon the productions of nature, as a symbolic indication of their inward meaning.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

It is stated at Ulverston that the Lords of the Admiralty have fixed upon a site for a monument to the late Sir John Barrow, on the Hill of Hoad, near his native cottage. —Mr. D. Robert's beautiful series of views illustrative of Egypt and Nubia is at length completed. The last numbers refer exclusively to modern Egypt, and exhibit a style of architecture different from that which represents the Mahometan civilization of other countries. The style in which the views are executed is doubtless already familiar to those of our readers who take interest in the subject to which they refer. The larger lithographs represent characteristic landscapes, in which the effects of water colour are produced by an ingenious process of tinting. The vignettes, which are on India paper, generally refer to the customs of the country, and are distinguished by a graceful apprehension of national character. The whole of the illustrations are executed to the highest degree of finish, showing the perfection which our lithographic art has attained. "Egypt and Nubia" form a second series to another which has Palestine for its subject, and Mr. Roberts's illustrations of the East are now brought to a conclusion. —In the little town in Roumelia, which gave birth to Mehemet Ali, the small house in which he first saw the light is religiously preserved. The French papers state that in the garden of this house a superb mosque, of marble and alabaster, is now erecting by Abbas, in conformity with the directions of the deceased Pacha. —Continental journals announce that Paul Veronese's painting, representing Christ at the Table of Gregory the Great, which was cut into pieces by the Austrian soldiers at Vicenza, is being restored. —The Roman correspondent of *The Times* states that the statue of the Athlete, lately found in the Trastevere has been established in the Vatican, in the same room with the Mercury, and adjoining that which holds the Belvedere Apollo. —Another important step in the history of preparation for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 has been at length taken. The *Gazette* contains the royal commission nominating the persons who are to have the charge of the necessary measures for carrying out the scheme, and be responsible to European opinion for the due constitution of the juries who are to apportion the prizes between a universe of competitors. The royal commissioners are, with the Prince Consort at their head, The Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Rosse, Earl Granville, the Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Stanley, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Henry Labouchere, Esq., William Ewart Gladstone, Esq., the chairman of the East India Company for the time being, Sir Richard Westmacott, the president of the Geological Society of London for the time being, Thomas Baring, Esq., Charles Barry, Esq., Thomas Bazley, Esq., president of the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, Richard Cobden, Esq., the president of the Institution of Civil Engineers for the time being, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esq., Thomas Field Gibson, Esq., well known in the Spitalfields silk trade, John Gott, Esq., of Leeds, Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq., Philip Pusey, Esq., and William Thompson, Esq., iron-master and Alderman of London. The joint secretaries appointed to the commission are Stafford Henry Northcote, Esq., and John Scott Russell, Esq. By the same instrument Henry Cole, Esq., Charles Wentworth Dilke, jun., Esq., George Drew, Esq., Francis Fuller, Esq., and Robert Stephenson, Esq., are appointed the executive committee for carrying the exhibition into effect, under the directions of the Prince Consort, with Matthew Digby Wyatt, Esq., for their secretary. The twenty-four commissioners have power to appoint local commissioners in all parts of the United Kingdom, and in all places abroad.

MUSIC.

The Barber of Seville (Il Barbiere di Siviglia.) A Lyric Comedy adapted from the French of BEAUMARCHAIS, and rendered into English from the Italian, by J. WREY MOULD, The Music by ROSSINI, revised by W. S. ROCKSTRO. London: BOOSEY & Co.

THIS is third of the series of valuable works, which, under the title of *The Standard Lyric Drama*, Messrs. BOOSEY are presenting to the homes of England, and of which we have already introduced several to our readers. "Il Barbiere" is, one of ROSSINI's happiest productions. It was first produced at Rome, at the Carnival in 1816. On the first night it was barely endured. On the second performance, it met triumphant success, and it has been a favourite with the musical public of Europe to the present day.

This edition of it is complete. The entire of the Opera is given, overture, recitatives, airs, choruses, and all. It is prefaced by a short history of its progress to fame. Then there is an excellent translation of the dialogue, by Mr. MOULD, a vast improvement upon the wretched caricature of the original usually sold at the Opera House. A Thematic Index precedes the music. The overture is given, as arranged for the piano, but that the player may know what expression to give to the various portions, &c., of it, the instruments used in the full orchestral score are stated in the text. Then follows the Opera, with the words both in English and Italian, and ample instructions for the character of the music, so that appropriate tone and manner may be used by the singer. In this way the drawing-room may enjoy most of the music otherwise only to be obtained in the Opera House, and there is not the possessor of a pianoforte who might not and ought not, to possess and revel in the greatest works of the greatest composers of all times and countries, by means of the *Standard Lyric Drama*.

Israel in Egypt, No. 4. *Acis and Galatea*, No. 4. Edited by Sir HENRY R. BISHOP.

THIS cheap and beautiful edition of a complete series of the works of Handel, edited by the greatest living English composer, cannot fail to become widely popular. The type is clear; the arrangement adapted for amateurs, and set for the pianoforte alone. It will be an acquisition to the Musical Library.

The Gem of the Isle. A Song. By ALEXANDER LEE. D'Almaine & Co.

THE Prince of Wales is the hero of this ballad, which, spite of its hero worship, is really a very pretty composition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

There are only two plays to be performed at the palace at Windsor. The pieces selected are Shakspeare's "Julius Caesar" and the first part of "Henry IV." The characters of *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Mark Antony* will be sustained by Mr. Macready, Mr. James Wallack, and Mr. Charles Kean. The part of *Falstaff* will be acted by Mr. George Bartley. The first performance will take place on the 8th of February. —*Auber's Gustavus* is announced as selected for the opening of our Royal Italian Opera. —Balfé is in Berlin, superintending the rehearsal of his opera of the *Bondman*, which is to be produced forthwith. The Berlin papers are loud in their praise of the English composer. —*The Dramatic and Musical Review* states that a version of Schiller's "Robbers" is to be produced at Drury Lane. —A new five-act play also may possibly be shortly given under the management of Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd, at the Surrey. —A prospectus announces that, among other features in St. Martin's Hall, now on the eve of completion, the formation of a "Library of Music and Musical Literature" has begun; a lending library accessible to the public at the rate of an annual guinea subscription and a guinea entrance,—and to the members of Mr. Hullah's singing schools on somewhat easier terms. The first sacred work performed by Mr. Hullah's Chorus at the opening of St. Martin's Hall will, possibly, be the Psalm by Mr. Henry Leslie. —The Royal Society

of Musicians has been recently distributing the sum of 571. to distressed members of the profession beyond the reach of its provisions.—Verdi, the sole composer of whom Italy can now boast, has just produced a new opera at Naples, called *Luisa Miller*. His piece was coldly received, and, after four representations, he took his departure for Genoa, consoling himself with the 500*l.* sterling, which he had pocketed as the price of the opera.—M. Ponsard's new tragedy—with the appetizing title of *Charlotte Corday*, has been accepted at the Théâtre Français of Paris.—A new comic opera, in two acts, has just been produced at the Théâtre de la Nation. It is called *Le Fami*, and the composer is Adolphe Adam. The critics speak favourably of the work, but its success appears to have been little more than a *succès d'estime*. It is pronounced, by M. Hippolyte Prevost of the *Moniteur*, too light for the stage of the Grand Opera, and consequently rather out of place in the rue Lepelletier.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Upon reference to your Number of October 15, a circumstance occurred to my mind which might, perhaps, be of some use in helping to corroborate the truth of the account there given of a clairvoyante being able to discover Sir Benjamin Franklin's exact position. Could any experience of mine assist to give hope upon this statement, I shall be very happy in offering this contribution.

Last Christmas I was at Brighton the day after the arrival of Alexis from France. His visit was said to be chiefly to aid in the discovery of the circumstances of the murders perpetrated by Rush. The particulars of which (if I were permitted) I could have given from my clairvoyance at that time. However, I was at Brighton at the request of a medical gentleman who had a deep interest in the beautiful simplicity and correctness of the two young people I then had with me.

We saw Alexis at a private *séance*, where he was crowded upon by a room full of people, and put to very many severe tests which I saw at once were quite foreign to my subjects. So that we retired quietly, and when time came for us to attend at our own private appointment, I was prepared to conduct this young person through the mental travel I expected she had to do for *medical clairvoyance*—with which she was so peculiarly clever. These were the investigations I felt we came for, and nothing more.

But this gentleman pressed me to try whether she could not look into boxes, and see through the closed hand, and read sealed envelopes, and so forth. I resisted strongly, telling him that scarcely any of my subjects cared for material things of this kind, that seemed to lead to nothing. But when real good could be done, they would travel any distance to search out distress and seek for remedies from disease. Yet he insisted, and held a little parcel in his hand, saying, "*It will be doing good, and may lead to valuable results, if you will but put her to look for the contents of this.*" It was a silk handkerchief, of a reddish snuff colour, folded about fourteen or sixteen times. I gave it to her, at the same time telling her not to fatigue herself; that if it was disagreeable to her, not to try. But that my friend had said it would lead to good; and that if she would give it her intense attention, it would oblige him. She took this little parcel, and after some ten minutes' silent attention, pronounced it to be picture of a fair person. We encouraged her by telling her she was right. Then she said it was a young man (it was a daguerrotype of this gentleman's son); she said it was not coloured but something like a print. "Now," said my friend, "ask her to go and see my son." I requested the name of the place.

"Koreroreka." I felt somewhat amazed, but I saw there was no flinching, so I turned to my waiting and patient subject, who sat smiling all the time, and asked her if she would take one of her favourite excursions, and go across the wide ocean beyond Adelaide, to Koreroreka. "What! am I to go to Australia to night? I love a sea breeze." "Well, take care of the sea serpent."

"Tssha, what's the sea serpent; it is all nonsense."

I have crossed before, and I saw no sea serpent—that's all folly. I met some ships sometimes, but I soon pass them by. I am glad I have to go to Australia; take care of me, Mrs. Jones, when I get so cold."

(She always showed when she came to the change of climate in passing.)

"No, you are not going to Australia. You are going beyond."

"Well, but may I not stop there?"

"No—you must go straight to Koreroreka, and as you come back, if you have time, you shall stop at Adelaide."

At last she said, "I wonder if I am right. I have got to where there are two or three ships—I will go on land. There are only one or two low tents—something like the crickets' tents, very low. I shall go into the ships again. One of the ships is unladen—the sailors are all in their hammocks—*partarley*, what a droll sight. There is no one about—it is *scarcely day*—it is very early—they are all in their hammocks—about seven in the day, our time. This is quite a new place. I shall go all over the ships. I have not seen this young man yet—no! I cannot find him, I have been all about. Shall I go on shore again?" "Yes, by all means." "On the land are bales of things—all sorts of packages laying about—and a little further, but close by, are those tents—I have a great mind to go in." "Do." "But, Mrs. Jones, do you think I am in the right place?" "Go into those tents, and we shall see if you are right." She clapped her hands, and was so pleased—declaring she had found this young man. Then she looked again at the folded handkerchief she held in her hand. "Yes, I see him—he is fast asleep. But, oh! what a dreadful headache he has—but he is sleeping away. I am sure it is he—but, oh! how his head is aching to be sure. I must look after that. Now I see he has drank too much—but you need not be vexed, I shall see all about it presently. Stop, let me look well at him."

"What is he thinking about?"

"What a question to be sure—how can I read the mind of a person asleep? He has no mind—I cannot tell—he has no thought, I mean—but let me be quiet a bit, and I'll find it out. No wonder he is overcome: he has been working himself almost to death—he is quite knocked up—he has worked very hard."

"Will you wake him, and ask him some questions?"

"Why, Mrs. Jones, that will be cruel, indeed, to wake him, if you could see or feel how worn out he is."

"Well, never mind, Mr. — wishes you to give us some information, and you must wake him."

"Well, if I must, I must. There, now, he is sitting up, looking about him, and *scratching his head*, tired enough—make haste and tell me what it is you want to know."

The questions were about loading and unloading, and if he had written, and if he purposed returning.

She went through these, and told us that there was a letter began, she saw it—but that he had not made up his mind about returning, though he wished it. She was very impatient, and soon said he was asleep again, so that she could learn no more.

I was glad it was over. But Mr. — said, "Let her go to Hokianga—it is only 140 miles from Auckland." This did appear to me quite outrageous. But when I asked her if she would go, she said, "O, yes, to be sure. I love the sea-side—you just taught me the sea. Come, where am I to go—shall I go along by the sea?"

"Go which way you will, only be sure to go to Hokianga—North Island, New Zealand."

"Let me alone—I shall tell you when I get there."

She accomplished this as cheerfully and readily as a young hind skipping over a mountain. She said repeatedly how she enjoyed the sea so early in the morning. When she reached the place she described the same sort of tents—the one she had to examine belonged to an intimate friend of Mr. —.

She said she went in—that it had a division inside—the sleeping place was parted from the entrance. "The old gentleman is asleep—he has a gun hanging up." She described his clothes, which gave character to her description about the tent, of a naval man, and then went to "look at his garden," which she told us had a "zig-zag wooden fence," which was so. The trees of that latitude being all new to her, were extremely gratifying both to her and us—she told their scent, size, and shape of their leaves and fruit. "It is beginning

to be hot—it will be very hot in the middle of the day."

Upon her return she again requested to be allowed to go to Adelaide and back, and "not be hurried." She said she should just take a look in upon these ships, and see the young man again. Presently she laughed heartily, said the sailors were all turning out of their hammocks—it was rare fun to see them, but the young man was still asleep.

We left her to herself for a time—she seemed very happy, and described an animal we could not make out, which a friend since has suggested to me was most probably one of those very small bears peculiar to that part. She had been further up the country than ever she had ventured before, and then gave us one of the most complete descriptions of the natives I ever saw. She remarked a small group; one man was tearing an uncooked sheep's head, and eating it with great gusto. But she did not call them fierce people.

I think I have some notes of her former visits to Adelaide, where she was surprised to see some old acquaintances who were schoolfellows with her at Wells. She said "they are bakers—they have a very neat place—" that she would look into their *till*—they were all up; but some of the people were getting up, and some were making breakfast; it was only money here. These people were very poor folks at Wells. "I see they have money in the till—I shall look all about and see if they have more money."

She said she saw gold and silver in a writing desk, and she was pleased to see how comfortably they were getting on.

She went, by request, to a house of some very respected friends of a gentleman who was present, and described the several persons, and that they were at breakfast. There seemed to be one in addition, who, she said, looked as if she was the wife of one of the party. My friend did not know of a marriage having taken place—but this was correct.

Now, Sir, this occurred in the presence of the parties interested, so that we had nothing to do but to mark the features of the case, and take our notes.

If, therefore, such a beautiful voyage has been taken to the Southern hemisphere, why should not the friends of Sir Benjamin Franklin and the public still rest in the hope that the experiment you have registered may, in its time, prove correct.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LAVINIA JONES.

31, Rivers-street, Bath, January 4, 1850.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ALL the Theatres continue to run their Christmas attractions, the severity of the weather appearing in no way to diminish the eager throngs.

THE PRINCESS's has fairly won the palm of pantomime, as it did last year, and no lover of this ancient and popular species of entertainment should fail to enjoy it here in all its ancient exuberance of humour.

THE ADELPHI cannot improve upon WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD, and therefore where they are there is sure to be mirth extravagant enough for the merriest Christmas folk. Go and see, and if your sides do not ache next morning, never again put faith in THE CRITIC's advice.

THE COLOSSEUM, the POLYTECHNIC, the DIORAMA, and the PANORAMA should all be visited by our young readers before the holidays are over. From all of these as much of instruction as of pleasure is to be derived, therefore papas and mammas should place them at the head of the list of Christmas treats for their young folk.

FRENCH THEATRE, ST. JAMES'S.—The boards of this pretty little theatre are again occupied by a French company under the auspices of Mr. MITCHELL; and to judge from the full attendance which the performances that have taken place during the past week have commanded at this early period of the year, and during unusually inclement weather, there can be no doubt that the French Theatre will continue to be a place of amusement as fashionable and attractive as it has hitherto been. The good taste, tact and judgment which Mr. MITCHELL has employed in his manage-

* One particular feature about this visit was, she said she saw a great number of very long timbers—she measured some, and gave the number of feet. These were spars, to obtain which this gentleman had been sent out by Government.

ment have fully entitled him to a share of success which we trust, both for himself and the public, will enable him to reap the advantages and enjoy the credit of permanently establishing a French Theatre in London. We are sorry to see any branch of the English drama decline, and still more to be obliged to acknowledge the fact. The taste for tragedies, and even for our first class comedies, seems to have passed away, and unfortunately the style of representations which has succeeded them, suited rather to the eye than the ear, has not been favourable to the production of good dramatists or good actors. The English are essentially not a play-going people, while the French are eminently so. Under all their difficulties, in the midst of revolution, the theatre doors have hardly ever been closed, and the momentous events of the day have been soon made to contribute to the amusement of the night. The profession, therefore, both of authors and actors at Paris, is held in greater estimation, and affords a more certain prospect of success, than with us, a circumstance which will, perhaps, account for the perfection which is generally obtained even in the most subordinate characters. However trifling may be the plot of a drama, generally speaking the incidents are so dexterously interwoven, the dialogue so lively and pertinent, the *ensemble* so carefully managed, that whether in the libretto of an opera, or in the life and prattle of a vaudeville, truthfulness to nature is only rivalled by the *finesse* with which it is exhibited. That there are numerous exceptions there can be no doubt, but the truth of the observation is fully attested when we bear in mind the frequent announcements of the production of "New Pieces adapted from the French."

Mr. MITCHELL opened the campaign on Monday, the 6th of January, with *Le Val d'Andorre*, a favourite production of the Opera Comique, and, to judge from its success, the *chef d'œuvre* of M. HALEVY. This opera was brought out about twelve months ago, and has already been performed more than one hundred times at Paris, and very frequently at the provincial theatres; also in Germany and Belgium. The music, although rather heavy, is of a more sterling and superior character than is generally found in this class of operas, in which light easy flowing melody prevails without much effort at elaborate instrumentation. There are few airs particularly striking to the ear, and none exactly suited for drawing-room singing; at the same time the music seems always suited to the incidents of the drama. There are two simple but expressive songs, *Marguerite qui m'invite*, and *Tandra-l'il done pale et éperdue*, for the heroine *Rose de Mai*, and a sweet melancholy romance, *Rose, toute la nuit*, sung her by her lover *Stephen*. The harvest and martial choruses are lively and effective. The story of the opera, which is prolonged through three acts, is highly interesting, and M. DE ST. GEORGES has greatly contributed to the success of the opera by his clever and well written libretto. The story is shortly as follows:—*Rose de Mai* (Mdlle. CHARTON) is a young orphan peasant in the valley of Andorre, in the Pyrenees, where she has lived from childhood with her mistress, *Teresa*, a rich *fermière*, (Mdlle. GUICHARD.) *Rose* is in love with *Stephen*, a young huntsman (M. LAC), who returns her affection. In an evil hour, *Captain Lejoyeux*, a recruiting officer (M. CHOLLET), visits the valley. The recruits are to be chosen by lot. Fortune turns against *Stephen*, who, with others, is obliged to follow the detachment immediately. *Rose* is miserable at seeing her lover on the eve of departure, and having heard from her guardian, *Jacques Sincère*, an old soldier, turned goatherd (M. NATHAN), that she is entitled to 3,000 francs, she determines on buying her lover's discharge. *Jacques* is gone for the money, but in the interval the drum beats, and the recruiting party is marching off, when *Rose*, in a fit of passionate despair, abstracts from her mistress's desk 1,500 francs, the sum required by the *Captain* for the release of *Stephen*. Soon after *Jacques* returns, declaring the money has been lost. *Rose*, therefore, has no means of replacing the 1,500 francs. Her mistress discovers her loss, and accuses *Rose*, to whom she had confided her keys. She is arraigned before the tribunal, and about to be condemned, when *Teresa* withdraws the accusation, having been informed by *Jacques*, that *Rose* is her own daughter, and to save her child she is content to bear the odium which falls upon the false accuser.

Mdlle. CHARTON was received as an established favourite; she sang very sweetly, and personated the Village Maiden to perfection, and in the pathetic scenes exhibited an earnestness and power of expression for which she has hitherto not been remarkable. M. CHOLLET was perfectly at home as a Recruiting Officer, and gave full effect to the variety of scenes in which he was introduced. His *début* before an English audience was eminently successful. Mdlle.

COTTI, also a *débutante*, is a pretty arch little actress, and made a very favourable impression. The orchestre department, presided over by M. HAUSSENS, was very efficient throughout. After the second act of the opera the National Anthem was sung by the whole company, and at the fall of the curtain the principals were all recalled.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

DUNCAN, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

DIED, on Saturday, the 3rd of November, on board Her Majesty's ship *Kingfisher*; in the Bight of Benin, Mr. John Duncan, the African traveller. Mr. Duncan was the son of a small farmer, in Wigtownshire, North Britain. At an early age he enlisted in the 1st regiment of Life Guards, in which he served with credit for eighteen years, and discharged himself with a high character for good conduct about the year 1840. In the voyage to the Niger, in 1842, Mr. Duncan was appointed armoûr, and, during the progress of that ill-fated expedition, he held a conspicuous place in all the treaties made by the commissioners with the native chiefs. He returned to England, one of the remnant of the expedition, with a frightful wound in his leg, and a shattered body, from which he long suffered. With a return of health, however, came a renewed desire to explore Africa, and, under the auspices of the council of the Geographical Society, he started in the summer of 1844, not without substantial proofs from many of the members, of the interest they took in his perilous adventure. The particulars of his journey along the coast until his arrival in Dahomey, are detailed in letters to his friends and published in the *Geographical Society's Journal* of that period. From Dahomey he again returned to the coast, having traversed a portion of country hitherto untrodden by Europeans, but broken down in health, and in extreme suffering from the old wound in his leg. Fearful that mortification had commenced, he at one time made preparations for cutting off his own limb—a fact which displays the wonderfully great resolution of the man. All these journeys were undertaken on a very slenderly furnished purse, which on his arrival at Wydah was not only totally exhausted, but he was compelled to place himself in "pawn," as he expressed it, for advances which would take years of labour on the coast to liquidate. From that disagreeable position his friends of the Geographical Society soon relieved him by an ample subscription, with which he proposed to make a journey from Cape Coast to Timbuctoo, but the state of his health compelled him to return to England. He was lately appointed Vice-Consul to Dahomey, for which place he was on his way when he died. Mr. Duncan leaves a wife, who is, we believe, but poorly provided for.—*Liverpool Albion*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE issues of "cheap editions" fully monopolise the book market; readers are dissatisfied with aught but slimly-covered shilling worths. The royal road to popularity has been found, and authors rush madly into it, succumbing to the new era in the republic of letters. We anticipate a reaction in some degree. It will soon be found that the rate of rendering is too low for fair trading. We can find no better parallel than the cheap newspaper rage of 1848: that utterly failed. The fact is, that authors and editors cannot live on fame, or on large circulations, unless these bring profit as well; and we are sure that good novels, filling each 400 closely-printed octavo pages, cannot be profitably sold for a shilling. Some one must suffer. In regard to over-cheap clothes, we have at length discovered that the artisans engaged in their manufacture literally starved away their days and nights. Let caution be exercised by booksellers and authors; and let them not carry their desire to be cheapest beyond the point where justice is endangered.

The *Art Journal* informs us that Thomas Moore, the poet, is in the enjoyment of good health, physical and intellectual, at his cottage at Sloperton; takes his daily walks along the terrace which borders his pretty

garden, and drives as usual each day in a small pony carriage. He is not living in more than the ordinary retirement in which he has passed the last seven or eight years of his life.—At the age of seventy-nine, remarks a contemporary, Dr. Lingard has completed the revision of his well known History of England, a library edition of which, we are informed, will soon be issued, embellished with the author's portrait, by Mr. Skaife. Some important additions are stated to have been made in the text, and also a new preface, in which Dr. Lingard particularly alludes to the authorities and sources of his work. It was expected that he would reply to Mr. Macaulay's comments on the character and conduct of James II., but we are informed that the veteran historian does not enter into any controversy of the kind.

From Paris we learn that Madame George Sand has sold the copyright of her "Memoirs" to a publisher for rather more than 5000*l*.—At the sitting of the French Academy on Tuesday last, a crowded audience had assembled to hear M. Guizot read an historical fragment on the restoration of the Stuarts!—One of the Paris daily journals promises shortly to publish some very remarkable letters of De Maistre, the great Catholic writer, on Public Education in Russia.—A writer in the *Illustration* asserts that the ruins of Nineveh, discovered by Dr. Layard, never belonged to Nineveh at all!—M. Cousin, the *philosophe*, has brought out the first volume of a complete edition of the works of Abelard, the monk, renowned among schoolmen for his learning, among the vulgar for his love adventures with the belle Heloise.—A French journal gives some particulars of the estate recently bestowed by the Sultan on M. de Lamartine. The domain lies in the immediate vicinity of Smyrna, and is nearly as large as the Isle of Wight,—being about fifty-four miles in circumference. It has hitherto belonged to only to the Crown,—as we should say in England. The soil is described as wonderfully fertile, like most of the land in the neighbourhood of Smyrna,—as being well planted with oranges and olives, and as capable of every variety of cultivation. The chateau, built for the residence of an imperial officer, is commodious beyond the usual run of Turkish houses; and under the windows lies a fine lake of more than a mile across, which is described as well stocked with fish. The estate includes five villages. M. de Lamartine, it is said, goes to Asia Minor in the spring to take possession in person of his territorial gift.

The financial reformers have determined at once to demand the repeal of the taxes on paper and advertisements. In such an effort they have our warmest sympathies—for the taxes named are perhaps the most barbarous of any that times of war or feudalism have left to us. They operate detrimentally in a variety of ways, and are as well an injury to the poor man by limiting his capacity to make known his wants to the world, and in preventing the cheapening of books, so that literature may be at his command.—The *Electric Telegraph* between France and England, by a submarine communication across the Channel, has at length been authorized by the President, and will, it is said, be immediately established.—A paragraph in the *South African Commercial Advertiser* announces that the long-contested geographical problem of the existence of a great inland sea or lake in Central Africa is at length solved. This lake, so often supposed to be referred to by the natives, and so often "discovered" according to newspaper dictum, is once more said to have been found.—Once more, an expedition has sailed, by direction of the Admiralty, to search for the Arctic voyagers. It consists of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which were lately under the command of Sir James Ross in the Arctic Seas; and the new commander, Capt. Collinson, is directed to enter Behring's Straits, and proceed to the west of Melville Island,—where, in the opinion of Sir James Ross, and other eminent Arctic officers, traces of Sir John Franklin will be met with. It is argued by these authorities, that as no vestige of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was discovered during the late expedition of Sir James Ross, which penetrated Barrow's Straits as far as Cape Bunney,—therefore, those ships must have made a great westing, and be now (if in existence) frozen up in a longitude of at least 110 degrees west.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between Dec. 14, 1849, and Jan. 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ART.

The American in Europe, Part 1. By Henry Clay Crockett. 4to. 1s. Published on the 1st and 15th.

The Works of William Hogarth, No. 1. 4to., 6d. 1st and 15th. With Seven Engravings. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of David Scott, R.S.A. By his brother, W. B. Scott. With Seven Engravings. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Classical Museum. Vol. 7, 14s. 6d. Completing the work.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Walkingham's Tutor's Assistant Improved. 12mo. cloth, 2s. Cherrilland's (J.) Book of Versions, or Guide to French Translation. 12mo. bound, 3s. 6d.

Cherrilland's (J.) Partie Française ou Guide à la Traduction de L'Anglais ou Français. Par C. J. Delille.

Illustrated Atlas, Part 19. By R. M. Martin, Esq. 4to., 1s. Universal Pronouncing Dictionary, Part 56. By T. Wright, Esq. Imperial 8vo., 1s.

Scripture History, Part 6. By the Editor of "Sturm's Family Devotions." Super royal 16mo., 1s.

Grammar for Commercial Schools. By Dr. Latham. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Rookwood: a Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Fcap. 8vo. boards, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Parson's Case of Jewels re-opened. By Mrs. Sherwood. 2s.

Dream of Human Life, Part 6. By the author of "The Lollards," &c.

Annemone the Forgetful, and Eustathes the Constant. By the Rev. C. A. Johns. Square cl. 1s.

HISTORY.

History of England. By the Rev. Dr. Lingard. New edit., 10 Vols. large 8vo. 6s.

British Colonies, Part 9. By R. M. Martin, Esq. Imperial 8vo., 1s.; Part 3, 3s.

History of Ireland, Part 19. By R. M. Martin, Esq., 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Packet of Seeds Saved by an Old Gardener. Fcp. 8vo. 9d.

MUSIC.

Merry Old Christmas Quadrilles, 3s.; Brunette Polka, 1s.; Mazepa Polka, 2s.; Amazon Polka, 2s. By Ricardo Linter.

Tie and Toe Quadrilles, 2s.; Jetty de Treffz Polka, 2s. By Andre Norman. With portrait.

My Mountain Home Ballad. By Walter Palmer. 2s.

I see thee as I saw thee last. By G. H. Rodwell. 2s.

The Chimes Polka. By H. F. Henry. 3s.

Le Petite Fête Américaine Quadrilles. By G. Redler. 3s.

Trentham Quadrilles. By G. Simpson. 3s.

The Minstrel's Grave. A Ballad. By Miss Planché. 2s.

The Fairy Queen. Vocal Duet. By Stephen Glover. 3s.

The Mistletoe, Schottish, and Three Polkas. 2s. 6d.

Four Vocal Quartets for male voices.—Orpheus, No. 17, 5s.; No. 18, 5s. By Mendelssohn.

Six Anthems for Cathedral Service. By Mendelssohn. 9s.

Three Sacred Songs from the Psalms, with Pianoforte. By Molique. 4s.

Musie to the Urania. By Himmel. 10s. 6d.

Three Vocal Duets. By Graun. 7s.

Aurora Borealis Quadrille. 5s.

Chrysanthemum Polka. By W. Budalle. 3s.

Pale du Salon Valse. By Eugene Deliste. 2s. 6d.

Moonlight of the Lake. Notturmo, by E. J. Loder. 3s.

Dettingen Te Deum. By Handel, the Vocal Parts in Score, with accompaniment for Organ or Pianoforte; Samson, do.; Judas Maccabees, do.; Messiah, do.

Sixth Quartet for Stringed Instruments. By Mendelssohn. Op. 80; Andante Capriccio, and Fugue for ditto. Op. 81.

The Minstrel Song. By J. Thomas.

PERIODICALS.

Morning Call. Part 1. By Mrs. Ellis. Royal 8vo. 2s.

Family Friend. Vol. 1. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth; presentation copy. 3s. 6d. cloth.

POETRY.

Lines and Leaves. By Mrs. Acton Tindal. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

RELIGION.

Inglie's Sabbath School and Bible Teaching. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Christ Revealed, or Scriptural Lock and Key. 1s. cl.; 8d. sewed.

SCIENCE.

Household Surgery, or Hints on Emergencies. By South. Second Edition. 18mo. cloth, 3s.

Annals of Horticulture. Imperial 8vo. 16s.

Elements of Statics, Dynamics, and Hydrostatics. By Rev. Sam. Newth. Royal 12mo. 6s.

Report of Chemistry and the Allied Sciences. By Liebig and Kopp. Vol. 1. 8vo., 15s.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The following are some of the New Works announced for early publication.

A New Edition of Smith's Wealth of Nations. By McCulloch. With numerous corrections and additions.

Crichton, a Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Complete in One Volume. Fcp. 8vo. On the 19th.

Handbook to the Flower Garden. By Glenn. 12mo. Dr. Lardner on Railway Economy. 1 Vol. 12mo.

Chambers's Papers for the People.

Hylton House and its Inmates. By the author of the "Hen Pecked Husband." 3 vols. 8vo.

The Youngest Sister, 3 vols. 8vo.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From December 1, 1849, to January 1, 1850.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Messrs. CHAMBERS.

German Literature. Part 2.

From Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.

Pascal's Thoughts on Religion and Evidences of Christianity.

Bishop's Introduction to the Study of the Mind.

Southey's Life and Correspondence. Vol. 2.

From Mr. GEORGE SLATER.

Nature and Lectures. By Emerson.

Eight Essays. By Emerson.

Christmas, Its History and Antiquity.

Madeleine.

From Mr. COLBURN.

Lives of the Princesses of England. Vols. 1 and 2.

From Messrs. TAYLOR, WALTON, and MABERLEY.

Scott's Suggestions on Female Education.

From Mr. G. H. BORN.

Lamartine's History of the French Revolution of 1848.

The Tragedies of Æschylus.

Lodge's Portraits. Vols. 2 and 3.

Aristotle's Rhetoric, and Poetic Junius, by Woodfall. Vol. 1.

From Messrs. ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE and Co.

The Nile Boat.

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Poems, by John Harwood.

From Mr. HENRY ALLMAN.

Manna in the Wilderness.

Histories of Titus Livy of Palaurum.

From Mr. BENTLEY.

The Emigrant Churchman in Canada. 2 Vols.

The Cradle of the Twin Giants, Science and History.

From Messrs. LETTS and SON.

Letts's Diary. No. 10.

Letts's Indispensable Diary.

From Mr. JAMES DARLING.

Manual of Parochial Institutions. By the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best.

Eastern Churches.

Sermon on the Distinctive Excellencies of our Book of Common Prayer, by the Rev. G. S. Drew.

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Cock's Musical Almanac for 1850.

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Cottage Cookery.

The Family Economist. Vol. 2.

Stories for Summer Days.

From Mr. JOSEPH MASTERS.

Original Ballads by Living Authors.

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Tales and Sketches for Fireside Reading.

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Recollections of Chantry.

From Mr. ROUTLEDGE.

Prairie. By J. F. Cooper.

Puritan and his Daughter. By J. F. Cooper.

From Mr. J. A. BAGO.

An Examination of the Authority of the Weekly Sabbath.

From Messrs. BLACKWOOD and SON.

Letter to the Queen on a late Court Martial. By Samuel Warren.

From Messrs. SHEPHERD.

Looker-On. No. 1.

From Mr. BOSWORTH.

Anglo-Saxon. January.

From Mr. J. W. PARKER.

Ingleby's Remarks on some of Sir William Hamilton's Notes on the Works of Dr. Reid; in Reply to Mr. Jobert's Second Essay on Ideas.

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Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary.

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From Mr. T. C. NEWBY.

Dark Scenes of History. By G. F. R. James. 3 vols.

Peer's Daughters. By Lady Bulwer. 3 vols.

Our Guardian. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. 3 vols.

From Mr. W. S. D. FATEMAN.

Post Magazine Almanac for 1850.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

AGASSE.—On the 27th Dec., in Newman-street, at an advanced age, Jacques Laurent Agasse, Esq., honorary member of the Society of Arts of Geneva.

BERNAUD.—At Paris, in his 73rd year, M. Thibaut de Bernaud, assistant conservator of the Bibliothèque magazine, the compiler of various large autograph folio volumes of Catalogue of its Contents, and author of a variety of works chiefly on botany and on agricultural economy. M. Thibaut is said to have left in manuscript, amongst other things, a translation of Theophrastus, some researches on the subject of geological revolutions, and a work on the institutions and literature of Ancient Scandinavia.

DOUBLEDAY.—On the 14th Dec., in Harrington-square, London, aged 39, Edward Doubleday, distinguished for his attainments in natural history, and for his valuable contributions to that science. He had only a few years ago been appointed assistant-zoologist in the British Museum, and engaged on the entomological department, the duties of which he was so well able to perform with credit to himself, and advantage to the public. In conjunction with his brother, he published the able work on British Birds and Insects, and was employed, at his death, in continuing his valuable labours on Diurnal Lepidoptera.

QUINCY.—At Paris, aged 95, M. Quatremer de Quincy, the oldest member of the Institute. M. de Quincy was a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and perpetual honorary secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts.

WAGHORN.—Last week, at his residence, Pentonville, London, suddenly, Lieutenant Waghorn, R.N. the gallant pioneer of the overland route.

WALTHER.—At Munich, Dr. Phillip Francis de Walther, private physician to the King of Bavaria, and eminent for forty years as at once a professor and a writer in the field of the medical sciences.

Heirs-at-Law, Next-of-Kin, &c. wanted.

[A Register of the References where full particulars of the following may be found, is kept at the CRITIC OFFICE. To prevent unnecessary trouble or impertinent curiosity, they will be supplied only on payment of half-a-crown for the search. If the inquiry be by letter, this may be transmitted in postage stamps. It will be sufficient to state the number prefixed to the particular case upon which information is sought.]

1316. MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF JOHN SMITH and ELIZABETH his wife, who were married in London between the years 1725 and 1730. The wife was a native of France, and it is supposed her name was De Sablier; and Smith was a contractor for the Ordnance Department.

1317. MARY BISHOP, formerly in service at Cheltenham, and who afterwards married and lived in London. Something to her advantage.

1318. CHARLES OWEN APPERLEY, to apply for information of advantage.

1319. BRIDGET MULLIN, otherwise CRISHAM, whose son died in Australia. Something to her advantage.

1320. CHILDREN of the late JAMES COX, formerly of Knightsbridge, painter, &c., and of ELIZABETH, his wife, both deceased.

1321. NEXT-OF-KIN OF LOUISA SAREL, of Grove-house, Enfield, Middlesex, and Hingmar-house, Cornwall, widow (died Sept. 7, 1847), or their representatives.

1322. Mr. GEORGE WALL PARKER, who formerly resided at Bayswater, and late at Canterbury. Something to his advantage.

1323. JOHN BURCH, late of Mersham, Kent. Something to his advantage.

1324. BENJAMIN PEMBERTON STEVENS, who left Margaret-street, Clerkenwell, in July, 1846, and was supposed to have gone on board a foreign steamer at London-bridge-wharf, Something to his advantage. Or for information of him, 10l. reward.

ERRATUM.—In line 24 from the bottom of column 2 and page 3 of our last number, for "frigid and frozen," read "frigid and formal."

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

—This Society is about to proceed immediately to complete registration and the commencement of business.

PROSPECTUS.

The LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY is established for the Assurance of Property; its object being, by the application of the principle of Assurance, to secure to all terminable and uncertain interests in Property whatsoever, a value equivalent to, or even greater than, *freehold*, so that they shall be equally available for the purposes of *sale* or of *mortgage*.

It also purposes ultimately to embrace the Assurance of *Titles* that are good holding titles but not marketable titles, so as to make them marketable.

Likewise, the *Management of Trusts*.

But it will commence with the Assurance of Property alone; the other two branches will not be brought into operation without the consent of the Shareholders, given at a special meeting called for the purpose.

The following are the branches of business:—

1. Assurance of Leaseholds.

At present the purchaser of a leasehold loses both his purchase-money and his house or estate at the expiration of his lease. In the market, it is slow of sale, and always commands less than its real value, and it is very difficult to procure a mortgage upon it. So, persons who take property on repairing leases seldom provide a fund for the repairs required on quitting, and are often involved in ruin by the demand.

The LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY is designed to provide a remedy for this. On payment of a small annual premium, the Society will secure to the leaseholder the repayment of his capital at the expiration of his lease, or the sum required for repairs. Combined with such a policy of insurance, a leasehold will be as marketable and as mortgageable as any freehold, or even more so, for its value will be certain under any circumstances. To illustrate the working of this, it may be stated that, to assure the repayment of a purchase-money of 2,000*l.* at the expiration of a lease of ninety-four years, the annual premium to be paid will be only 3*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

2. Assurance of Copyholds.

Copyholders are frequently seriously embarrassed by the payment of fines, heriots, and admissions on deaths and renewals. The LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY will insure the sums necessary to meet these.

3. Assurance of Lifeholds.

All property held on lives it will assure in like manner, so that, on the dropping of the life, the sum required for renewal, or the value of the property lost, will be paid to the Assurer.

4. ASSURANCE AGAINST ANY CONTINGENCY.

Property or life may be assured against any other contingency capable of being estimated, for the security of individuals and families.

The Society will commence with the above branches of business alone; but, as soon as it shall be deemed desirable, and the Shareholders at a special general meeting agree to do so, it will proceed to

5. The Assurance of Titles.

It is estimated that there are many millions' worth of property in the United Kingdom unmarketable by reason of some technical defects in title, and which yet have good holding titles. These may all be made marketable and more valuable than other properties, by means of an Assurance of Title, which may be effected with great benefit to the community and with large profits to the Society.

6. The Management of Trusts.

The experience of every Lawyer, and almost of every individual, must have shown him the difficulty which is experienced in finding *responsible* Trustees and Executors, and everywhere are to be seen families ruined and creditors losing their debts through the default or dishonesty of Trustees, besides the responsibilities and risk that attach to the office making men daily more reluctant to undertake it. It is believed that the difficulty may be completely met by a respectable and responsible Society undertaking the management of Trusts, being paid by a small per-centage on the fund, as are the Official Assignees in Bankruptcy, and that thousands would more gladly commit their properties to the care of such a Society than to individuals of whose responsibility they cannot be assured. The moneys of the Trust funds to be invested in Government Securities.

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Although the application of the principle is novel, there is about it nothing speculative or uncertain. Its calculations can be made with the most minute accuracy, and its profits are certain.

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Of those profits *four-fifths*, or *eighty per cent.*, will be divided among the policy-holders on the participating scale; so that, on the expiration of his lease or lifehold, the party assured will not only receive back his purchase-money, but a good deal more, in the form of bonuses arising out of the division of profits.

Agents

will be appointed in every district of the Country to conduct the general business of the Society; and every respectable Attorney may transact his business directly with the Society, and will be entitled to the same commission, *viz.*, 10 per cent.

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To increase the responsibility of the Agents, they will be required to take an interest in the Society by holding at least ten shares, and insuring either their lives or property to the amount of 200*l.* at least.

To reduce to the lowest amount the capital required, until the income justifies a larger expenditure, it is proposed to commence business in as inexpensive manner as possible, with the smallest possible establishment, the Directors not to exceed seven in number, and neither the Manager, the Directors, nor the Secretary to receive any payment or salary until the income of the Society is sufficient to meet its expenses.

And, as the best guarantee for good faith, the LAW TIMES, with which the plan of the Society has originated, and by which it is established, undertakes, at its own charge, *all the preliminary expenses*, to be repaid only when the Society is actually in operation, and has funds for the purpose. So that persons taking shares in it are *guaranteed* that if, through any possible mischance, the Society should not proceed to business, the deposits paid upon the shares they subscribe *will be returned in full*. Probably not more than 10*s.* per share will be called for; and certainly not more than 1*l.* in the whole, and not more than 10*s.* per share at one time, or at a less interval than three months.

APPLICATIONS FOR SHARES in the usual form are to be addressed for the present to "THE PROMOTERS OF THE LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE SOCIETY," at the LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London.

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